"THE HAND OF FATE," A THRILLING MYSTERY STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXI, NO. 28. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903. Single Copies 5 Cents.

FILTHY LUCRE; Or, The Perils of Beauty and Poverty

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CHAPTER I.

AT "THE CORNUCOPIA."

At eight o'clock on a Monday morning the doors of "The Cornucopia" opened to admit its small army of employes, composed largely of young women, boys and girls. "The Cornucopia" is one of the large department stores of Chicago—not the largest. "The Cornucopia" is a good enough name for the purposes of this narrative, and Hiney, Shellbarger and Deppenheimer is a good enough firm name for use in this connection. Mr. Shellbarger is not in the firm now, but his name is. The firm had advertised for holiday help, with the promise

that faithful and competent employes would be given permanent positions, and forty or fifty saleswomen, cash girls and errand and delivery boys had been engaged. Now they were reporting for duty for the first time.

The newcomers, except a few unassigned, were sent to various departments. Among the latter was a girl of nineteen, who had reported to Miss Ames, a forewoman, and was told curtly that if she were Miss Norton she must see Mr. Shellbarger.

"I am Fanny Norton," the girl answered, apprehensively. "I wonder if Mr. Shellbarger has changed his mind about employing me."

"I guess not," replied Miss Ames, dryly. "You'll get along well enough with him if you're sociable and business-like. His private office is at the northeast corner of the next floor above. You can't miss it, but you'll have to pass Mr. Damm, his private secretary and advertising manager, before you see him. You'll find Mr. Damm smiling enough. Most pretty girls do. Run along now, and just be pleasant, and that'll win the battle for you in advance. There's only one way, Miss Norton, for a poor girl with her living to make, and that is the easy way."

Miss Ames smiled suggestively; Fanny blushed.

"I don't quite understand you, I think."

"Well, it isn't my business to explain all that. You are supposed, when you're sent for to come to Mr. Shellbarger's private office, to know a few things for yourself, and beyond that he is quite willing to enlighten young ladies in whom he takes an interest. Good luck."

Miss Ames turned away abruptly and walked down the long aisle, a short, thick-set figure, clad in bad taste, her chubby fingers gleaming with several rings more showy than valuable, her iron-plated French heels beating a march on the well-scrubbed floor. Miss Ames was not a day under forty, and she was undeniably ugly, with shovel-shaped, gold-built-up teeth, and protruding ears. Her innate vulgarity and viciousness were but thinly glossed over by the suave manner that she assumed when it suited her purpose. In some ways her place in the establishment was not exalted, and it did not carry with it a large weekly wage, but in other ways it was important.

Fanny Norton was a tall, well-developed blonde, with real azure eyes and real golden hair—a beautiful young woman of good impulses and much nobility of character. She was fatherless, and for some time had helped toward the support of a widowed mother and a brother younger than herself. The family had moved to the city a few months before, and Fanny, who had been employed until recently by a milliner in her native village, was now entering upon a business career in Chicago. As she went toward the elevator, she presented a picture of freshness and innocence that was not lost on any one who beheld her.

"I guess she's a new one," whispered Edna Gray, a small, brown-eyed brunette, to Irene Kearney, a freckle-faced girl who stood next to her, as Fanny passed. "Pretty, isn't she? Just like a flower new-picked in some meadow. She'll look different in a year. On her way to Shellbarger's office, I suppose. He has to see all the nice-looking ones before they're put to work. It's a good thing to be homely in this place."

"So it seems, I wonder, Edna, if my freckles and your skinny face haven't saved us a lot of trouble here?"

"They have," said Edna. "I believe that. It's awful for a rich man like Shellbarger to take advantage of a good girl's poverty and her necessity to work. All the girls who listen to his promises turn out bad. Not one of them stays long. One after another he has them put out to make room for more. Few pretty ones get a place here at all unless they're willing to stand a good deal from him and some others. I wonder how this one will come out. She looks like a good girl. Let's wish her good luck."

"I do, Edna, I do; and if I could I'd like to tell her a few things. But that wouldn't be safe. If she wants to go right, Shellbarger can't get her to go bad, and if she wants to go wrong we can't prevent her. Somehow such cases settle themselves, each according to its merits."

"Yes; most of them settle," replied Edna, a little bitterly, "and their dregs make a nasty mess. If a girl is poor she ought to be plain, too—that is, unless she wants beauty to sell. Well, so it goes here in Chicago."

At that moment Fanny Norton was being ushered into the presence of Mr. Ducey Damm, Mr. Shellbarger's private secretary and advertising manager. His office was an ante-room to the private office of Mr. Shellbarger. It was evident that she was not an unwelcome visitor there.

"Ah!" Mr. Damm exclaimed, "Miss Norton? Mr. Shellbarger says you're to wait for him. He won't be down for half an hour yet."

"But some one can put me to work. That is what I came for. Why should I wait?"

"You'll have to ask Mr. Shellbarger to explain that. He is at the head of this business, and if he asks any of us to wait, we just wait."

He pushed a chair toward her. She sat down and looked him over coolly. She saw a thin and scrawny man of thirty-five, eagle-eyed, hook-nosed, white-faced, bow-legged and as agile as a spider. As he spoke he brandished one bony hand before her face, his skinny, claw-like fingers barely missing her nose. She leaned back in the chair as if to avoid him.

"Are you tired?" he asked. "And so early in the morning?" Now he showed two rows of white teeth in what he meant to be a sympathetic smile. "I think what it would be too stand all day behind one of those counters. No wonder the girls ask for stools. Maybe you can have office work."

"I don't believe I could do that," she answered.

"Can you use a typewriter?" asked Mr. Damm.

"No, sir."

"Can't you do any short-hand?"

"None; but I do not need to run a typewriter or write short-hand to fill a position as saleswoman."

"But that is so hard," said Mr. Damm, leering in her face. She noticed the peculiar odor of cocktails, though she did not recognize it. "My dear Miss Norton, I wish you better luck than that."

"I am willing to work hard to earn every cent that may be paid me here. I have been taught that only honest money is good money or can bring good to its possessor."

"Well," and Mr. Damm cocked his head on one side and looked wise, "money is money, and all money is good. It is hard to get and easy to get rid of. How it is procured is a question by itself. Now, see here." He produced two silver dollars and held one in either hand. "Here is a dollar that I will say I earned and here another that I will say I stole. Are they not exactly alike?"

"No," she said, "one is clean, the other dirty. It is stained with your guilt. If you stole it right out of the mint, still you made it filthy—yes, filthy lucre."

"I don't advise you to delve too deeply into the history of the coins you may get in your weekly envelope," remarked Mr. Damm, dryly. "I am wondering how Mr. Shellbarger will make you useful. Can you figure?"

"Not much; but a saleslady don't have to keep books."

"But," suggested Mr. Damm again, "Mr. Shellbarger may have other plans for you.

There are easy places in 'The Cornucopia.'

"I am not looking for one of them."

"And that may be the very reason why one may be offered you. Mr. Shellbarger is peculiar, but generous. He will be here soon now, and you should lay aside your hat and brush up a bit. Sometimes good looks mean a good salary. Right this way, please."

"Thank you. I think I look neat and business-like. If Mr. Shellbarger don't like me as I am, he needn't put me to work."

The girl was annoyed by Danmy's talk. She settled herself in the chair and waited, hoping that Miss Amey would like Mr. Shellbarger better than she did his private secretary. Mr. Damm, showing no abashment, sat down at his desk. As he busied himself with some letters and periodicals that lay upon it, he more than once glanced over his shoulder at Fanny.

"A tartar, upon my soul!" he whispered at length. "I'm afraid she and the old man won't agree. Anyhow, it's his affair, and he does not more than furnish the match once in a while."

He handed Fanny a fashion magazine and she studied it until the door opened to admit a man at whose appearance Danmy Damm sprang to his feet and advanced obsequiously.

"Good morning, Mr. Shellbarger. This is Miss Norton. She has been waiting some time."

"Good morning, Ducey. Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Norton. Come right up to my house and bring down my portfolio. I forgot it."

Mr. Norton went out frowning.

The managing partner of the big store held a hand on Danmy's shoulder and the latter was five yards from the office door.

"What's the matter, Ducey, what do you think of her?"

"She is quick and smart and will make a model saleswoman," replied Damm, "She has so capacity or training for office work and is a hard-headed girl. Listen to what's nonsense."

"But she's too pretty for a saleslady."

"She is not proud of her beauty and will keep strictly in her place."

"She will not be apt to have a lot of the other girls jealous."

"She would make friends with the others," answered Damm.

"That may be true to a certain extent, but in the eyes of such women as Ames, for instance, the possession of beauty is a crime beside which willingness to do murder is a virtue. I never intended to put this girl out there with Miss Amey, but she won't listen to reason I may have to let her try her luck until she is glad to capitulate."

"She isn't one of the capitulating kind," said Ducey decisively.

"You seem to be very favorably impressed by her, dear Damm. I trust it may be but another case of love at first sight with you, for ill it will be the waste of your time and affection. We are going to get on nicely with Miss Norton. I'll see that she gets into the work hard, where she'll be driven and made uncomfortable at all hours, for at the same time we shall know that to make her lot pleasanter she has only to accept a better paid place in my private office. In time she'll come to her senses, never fear."

"I do not," said Damm, "that things are not going your way this time."

Certainly Shellbarger had been warned. He knew that Damm was a particularly able judge of human nature. He had not lost confidence in Damm, but he knew that Fanny Norton was truly modest, and of some sensitiveness. He was one of those unprincipled, unscrupulous, successful men who carry their faces a high level and think they can take chances because they have the money. Damm was such worldwise men are confounded by the innocent and simple-minded. Such men grow to learn that there is its own sufficient protection. Mr. Max Shellbarger, not wiser than the average man of his class, was slow to learn this. Otherwise, this story would not be a story to be told. Some stories begun in such places as "The Cornucopia" have ended too sadly, too shamefully, even to be told. This story of the fight of a good girl against the influence of sin and of filthy lucre will not end that way. The battle is not always with the strong. Wealth and position and power do not always prevail over humble honesty and virtue. There is an always alert, overruling power that sometimes such men as Shellbarger find it out to their undoing.

CHAPTER II.

FANNY'S CHOICE.

Shellbarger was not thinking of these things as he hastened back to the private office where Fanny Norton was waiting, but his bold face did not mirror as much self-reliant assurance as it habitually did.

Fanny thought Shellbarger was a disgusting-looking man. He was large and flashy. His face was red and expressive, and in the middle of it was a seventy-five per cent cigar, the ends were brown and swimish. His mouth was wide, thick-lipped and sensual. His long, bristly beard grew almost to his eyes, and as he came toward her, he wagged ridiculously from side to side, carrying his arms at an angle of forty-five degrees to his round and billowy body. He was dressed flashily and expensively and the thing that she noticed first, as he unbuttoned his long, fawn-colored overcoat was a red velvet vest which dazzled her eyes. But she lost sight of this in contemplation of his long greenish-brown Prince Albert coat and loud trousers.

"Now, dear Miss Norton," he said, "what can I do for you? You have only to command me."

She arose and fixed her beautiful blue eyes on his unhandsome face, in half fearful questioning.

"You mistake," she said. "It is for you to command, not for me. I wish you would have me assigned to a counter. I have little choice."

"Wouldn't you rather work here with me in my private office, Miss Norton? It would be much nicer, you know, and I want you to understand that there are not many young ladies to whom I would offer the chance."

"But I know nothing about such work."

"Perhaps there wouldn't be much for you to do for some time, but your pay would be all right. Pretty young ladies are a fad with me—that is, in my office. I have little use for them behind the counters. If you have an easy time and I pay you for it, you'll have no reason to complain."

"I am not looking for anything of the kind," she said, impatiently. "I shouldn't like to work in your office. Will you be kind enough to send me to a saleslady, Mr. Shellbarger?"

"All right." There was a cruel gleam in his little, bead-like eyes. He went to his desk and touched a bell. A boy in uniform appeared. "Send Miss Ames," said the merchant.

"Remember," said Mr. Shellbarger, harshly, "if offered you something a good deal better than you have chosen."

"I will abide by the consequence of my choice," replied Fanny, and the next instant Miss Ames came in and stood before the trembling girl in confusion. "Look around out there—there's something devilish in the way they treat a pretty girl. Now, Miss Norton, come with me. I've changed my mind to have a nice place here with me."

Mr. Shellbarger, Miss Ames and Fanny then back at Miss Ames, she had a vague notion of what Shellbarger's persistence meant.

"I prefer to be a saleslady," she said, earnestly, "if you please. Anything in here doesn't please me at all."

"You cannot have a different view of the case later," said Shellbarger, dryly. "That's right, Miss Ames."

"Come on," the Ames woman called out. "I'll put you to work all right."

When the two women had made the closed door she turned on the girl and said, savagely: "Shellbarger likes to have beautiful people who will not see. Mr. Shellbarger is my employer and I'm here to see that you mind your P's and Q's. Don't you forget it. I'm going to put you to work in the 'gents' furnishing department, where you will have little further notice will be four dollars a week. Come on. Don't stand there like a statue. Get on at least."

"Why," exclaimed Fanny, "I thought you said your saleswomen six dollars a week at the very least."

"Oh, you're a socialist, not green handed. What do you know about gents' furnishings?"

"Nothing. Why am I put in such a place as that?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked, looking Fanny over critically from head to foot and backward. "Fanny, I would be a pretty fool to tell you. It's because you're good looking. That's why Shellbarger wants you, and you're a fool if you don't know it. He was one of those unprincipled, unscrupulous, successful men who carry their faces a high level and think they can take chances because they have the money. Some such worldly w

place at a counter in the gentleman's furnishing goods department."

"Yes," she said; "I don't seem to be getting on there very well, though I don't know why, for I attend well to business, and sell a great many goods. Mr. Flitey put me at this hard work, and I am not strong enough to do it."

"You don't look it. The offer that I once made you is still open to you. If you do not accept it, you will have to get on the best you can with Mr. Flitey. He is a good man, even though he may sometimes make little mistakes. I can't be all the time interfering with my men; but I can help you out. It remains for you to accept my friendly office or reject it."

Fanny looked at the heavy boxes and then at the too confident Shellbarger, and, without a moment's hesitation, said in a dry, hard voice:

"I will stick to the gents' furnishings counter, though I think I might wait on women and handle goods that I know more about. I will do the best I can, and if that isn't considered enough for what I am getting for it I can stop any time and you'll have no sensible reason to find fault with me. Now, if you have nothing further to say to me, I will take these boxes and go on."

"Say, Miss Norton," said Shellbarger, "you're too hard-bitted. Do you know what that means?"

"I think likely a horse might know," she answered. "I suppose animals understand one another."

So saying, she took up the boxes of shirts and walked away as fast as she could, leaving Shellbarger wondering vaguely if he had not again met more than his match. A few minutes later he was talking earnestly with Freddy Flitey in the shadow of the elevators.

"You're not using good judgment, my boy," he said. "I didn't want you to drive her out of the store."

"The fact is," answered Flitey, "that girl is too decent for such usage as we're subjecting her too. There's no nonsense about her and she can sell more goods than any one there except Durand. The two get on well together."

"The Durand girl? Oh, you mean Amber?" asked Shellbarger. "She had slipped out of my mind. A good looker, but hard to manage. Some of those sensible ones do develop into good business women, don't they, Flitey?"

"Yes; they d—that is, if they're let alone. Why don't you let 'em alone, Mr. Shellbarger? They're the kind o' people you need in your business."

"Well, Freddy," said Shellbarger, slowly, "it's because I'm an old fool. Now, do this thing right."

CHAPTER IV.

A JEALOUS GIRL'S VOW.

When Fanny got back to her counter she found a rush of customers. Mr. Flitey appeared and told her that he would get some one else to bring up the shirts.

"Too bad," she said, smiling. "That was a change from the work here."

"Likely," answered Flitey. "That's the way with you girls. You kick all along the line and all the time. Slingin' hash a little while 'ud be likely to alter your view of places like this, where your only trouble is because you're expected to play at being ladies and don't know how."

"I guess most of us girls are real and not imitation ladies," said Amber, beaming upon Freddy most amiably. "The real trouble is that some men here don't even try to be gentlemen. There are floorwalkers in this place that must have begun as bouncers in saloons. What did you do, Mr. Flitey, before you came here?"

"I was three years in the New York store."

"I thought likely. What a 'bum store! What did you do before that?"

Flitey maintained a discreet silence and went his way.

"I can tell him what he was, if he wants me to," said Amber. "He don't think I know it, but he was a barber and a killing poor one. He's shaved my uncle many times, and once he almost cut off one of his ears. Once Flitey stumbled while doing a song and dance act and sharpening a razor on a swinging strap at the same time. He cut the strap half off and gashed his hand. You can see the scar now. He told me he got wounded while leading a charge in the Spanish war. I said it was a close shave. That was the only time I ever saw him blush. He looked at me kind o' queer and whirled round and yelled 'Next!' I reckon he forgot. Flitey ain't the only man in 'The Cornucopia' who isn't saying much about his earlier business experiences. Hiney was a pack peddler, Deppenheimer was a clerk in a pawnbroker's office and afterward a lawyer, and Shellbarger was a gambler and a faker with circuses. They say he owns a lot of buildings that are rented to gamblers and worse people and is a partner in several of the big gilded game palaces of Chicago. He stands in with the police, cares little for law and carries everything with a high hand. As he is so powerful in politics in the First Ward that he can make and unmake aldermen as he pleases, he is fawned upon till I suppose he thinks himself a truly great man. His advertising patronage is so large that the papers let him alone, and I suppose he is glad of that. Such a man ought to be glad to be alive. Better ones have been lynched."

Fanny was thinking about clean money and filthy lucre. Would any dollar that might come to her there be an honest one?

When she took her envelope home that night it was welcomed so gladly by her mother that she had not the heart to repeat anything that Amber had told her about Mr. Shellbarger. During the succeeding few days her life at the store was measurably agreeable. She was succeeding as a saleslady. Mr. Flitey had not praised her, but Amber had told her that she had sold more goods than Maggie and Etta together.

"Yet," said Fanny, "I am getting four dollars a week as a green hand and they're getting more. I'm not being treated fairly, am I?"

"You're being treated too well and you don't know it," said a voice at her elbow.

Turning, she faced Freddy Flitey. The floorwalker was scowling upon her as wickedly as he could.

"I want to tell you, Miss Norton," said Flitey, savagely, "that your comments on our manner of doing business are entirely out of place. Girls here git along all right if they trust their advancement to their superiors."

"And who are my superiors?" asked Fanny, innocently.

"Well, I'm one of 'em. Do you expect to run this store after only a week or so's experience in it? Why, I've been here a good deal longer than you have, my pretty sandwich-maker, and I ain't manager yet by a long shot."

"Every one that sees you knows that," said Fanny. "You're making mistakes so fast that your foolish blunders are falling over each other. You're not my superior in any sense. I was never a sandwich-maker any more than you were ever a gentleman. I worked in a milliner's shop once, and I have always been a lady. You were formerly a barber, and you have always been a rowdy. I could fill your position in this store better than you fill it, and you could not fill mine at all."

By this time other floorwalkers and some department managers had come and they secretly enjoyed Freddy's discomfiture. Shellbarger soon came, too, and was angry and did not try to curb his temper.

Flitey did not speak to Fanny again that day and she was glad of it. Next morning Amber said: "That beast is mild enough today, but he'll not let that roasting you gave him end right where it is. He's as revengeful as an Indian, as treacherous as a Spaniard, and as mean as a Chinaman. Shellbarger will some time withdraw his protection from you and leave Freddy to take revenge on you for the both of 'em."

"Yes; he might do that," assented Fanny.

"He will do it. You just wait."

And Fanny waited. The days came and went. They were full of work, but for a time they brought her no fresh trouble beyond a little occasional petulance and idiocy on the part of Flitey. She was now getting six dollars a week and was able to help out the home expenditures in greater measure than before. Her brother had been sick, and her mother had found use for the money. Thus a month sped by.

Fanny and Amber became better friends as they became better acquainted. Fanny described Amber to her mother as "a true blue girl," and Amber said Fanny was "a perfect little lady," and Maggie and Etta professed to agree with her. It was sometimes evident to Fanny, however, that Etta was not truly friendly to her, and she was not certain that Maggie was.

One afternoon when the store was crowded and all the girls had been very busy without a minute's breathing spell in more than two hours, Fanny had to squeeze past Maggie, and the two girls collided not too gently.

"Say," said Maggie, "I think you need consolidating; you're taking up too much space here lately."

"I don't know how," said Fanny, civilly, and not without a show of interest, for she had no idea what the Irish girl meant. "Why do you say that Maggie?"

"Better ask Etta." Maggie turned scornfully away.

"Etta!" Fanny called out. "Etta!"

"What's wanted? I should think you'd want to talk with me—me, of all girls on earth. Well, now, Impudence, what is it?" was Etta's defiant inquiry as she faced Fanny, scowling.

"What have I done to you? I want to know that."

"You've tried to get a fellow away from me. One of my old customers, too, and a good one at that. I mean the silk hat one. He comes often. He was my special for six months till you got in here. I didn't think much about it first, but when he left me entirely and won't let any one but you wait on him, I see how 'tis. Well, you're welcome to him. So there!"

Etta was in tears. If Fanny had not been sorry for her she would have felt like laughing at her. She knew to whom Etta referred as "the silk hat," and she tried vainly to convince the jealous girl that she had never said a word to the gentleman except about business and did not care even to wait on him again if she should not have to.

"I don't believe you," declared Etta. "You're a deceitful thing! Some day I'll see a way to get even with you! Remember!"

CHAPTER V.

"NEXT!"

It was now five weeks after Fanny had "taken down" Freddy Flitey, the dude floorwalker, and nearly two weeks after Etta had threatened Fanny for having, as she asserted, robbed her of a customer and an admirer in the person of the "blood" with the silk hat. The crowds in "The Cornucopia" had come and gone, exchanging their money for the wares of the big store, and Fanny had done her full share in the promotion of trade at the gentlemen's furnishing goods counter. She was trying to earn her increased pay. She had not seen Mr. Shellbarger, and Flitey had left her severely alone, addressing her only on business topics, and on those but seldom.

She had begun to hope that Shellbarger had forgotten her, as Amber had said he had forgotten herself, and that Freddy had decided not to continue his persecution of her any longer. But Amber bade her not be too hopeful. "Don't crow yet," she said, "for, believe me, you're not yet out of the woods. Shellbarger don't give up so easy and Flitey means to get even with you good and plenty. Keep an eye out for breakers and when they roll your way be certain that they break not you but somebody else."

"But everything has been pleasant a good while now," Fanny persisted, hopefully. "I don't see any good in always being on the watch for trouble."

"Well, you'd better be, for trouble's always got you in his eyes, and he'll catch you if you don't watch out. Just now trouble, in your case, is impersonated by Shellbarger and Flitey, and I'll bet you'll find they're playing a waiting game. Some day, one or both of 'em will spring something on you that'll make you think you've been struck by lightning. No, my child; take the advice of your Aunt Amber, and remember that you're never safe here unless you are in the conning tower."

"I'm sorry," replied Fanny, dolefully, "for I was hoping I was now to have some peace. It's awful to be always dreading something."

"Better dread something than have something take you unawares. Now, while I'm about it, I may as well tell you that when you have remembered Shellbarger and Freddy you've yet one or two more enemies to think about. I mean Etta and perhaps Maggie. I don't know how far Maggie'll go to help Etta, but I shouldn't want to trust her if Etta had sworn venegance on me."

"Oh, do you really believe Etta means to make me any trouble, Amber. I can hardly believe that. Why, she has no reason—I have never wronged her."

"I know you haven't, but she thinks you have, and that is all the same to her. I overheard her and Maggie talking about Etta's grievance against you the other day, and I'm convinced Etta will make you trouble of some kind at the first opportunity. She'll make the opportunity if she can. Maggie tried to make her see that perhaps you were not to blame, but if it should come to a stand for you or for Etta in an open fight, I'm certain Maggie would be with Etta. They've been chums a good while, and though they quarrel sometimes I have never known either of them to side with any one else against the other. So, look out."

Events proved that Amber was not talking idly. One afternoon Fanny chanced to open her lunch-box, something that she seldom did after setting it away at one o'clock, and, greatly to her surprise, found in it several fine silk scarfs that had been taken out of the stock on sale in the department. She had seen the articles not two hours before in a show-case at the further end of the counter. Breathless with wonder and excitement, she called Amber and showed her the misplaced merchandise.

"See!" she whispered. "How did these scarfs get into my lunch-box? What if some one else had found them there before I did?"

"Luck seems to be with you this time." Amber's dark cheeks burned with indignation. "The rascals!" she added. "How could they do it?"

"Who?" asked Fanny. "What do you mean?"

"Etta and Maggie. I saw them here, but did not dream they were doing such a wicked thing. They're trying to put up a job on you to finish you. You see I was right. We must lose no time in getting these goods back in the stock. They may be on the point of playing their cards."

"Oh, dear," Fanny half sobbed. "I would not have believed any girls could be so mean."

"You haven't been working for your living long," was Amber's curt and suggestive answer. "Now, don't be soft-hearted and foolish, but do just as I tell you. I have had an eye on Etta and Maggie, and they have been so busy that neither of them has seen us here and they have no suspicion that we've made the discovery we have. They don't suspect that, accidentally, you have the only advantage of them that could by any possibility save you from the accusation they hope will be made against you. Go to them, with a straight face and an unsuspicious manner and keep yourself between them and me while I put the scarfs back in the show-case. After that the laugh will be on them."

Amber's shrewd plan worked even better than she had hoped it would. Neither Etta nor Maggie saw her replace the scarfs in the stock. Late in the afternoon Etta beckoned to Flitey as he was passing and engaged in a whispered conversation with him. Fanny and Amber saw the floorwalker glance furtively toward the former, and the baleful look that was in his eyes they never forgot.

"They're about ready to spring that trap of theirs," whispered Amber, "and great good it will do them. Now, keep cool and wait and watch and listen. Don't let on to know anything till they tell it to you. You're not in this thing, you see. You were in, but you're out. They don't know you're out, but they'll get onto that fact and you'll see that it'll make 'em sick. They're going to the show-case now to 'discover' that the scarfs are missing. They're going to discover that they've been made ninnies of."

There was a minute's silence, during which Flitey and the German girl and the Irish girl looked into the show-case expectantly and started back from it with changing expressions and exclamations of surprise. Fanny had not been more startled to find the scarfs in her lunch-box than were the trio to behold them in their place in the show-case.

"You must be daffy," Fanny and Amber heard Flitey cry out angrily to Etta. "Are you tryin' to make a monkey of me? Look out, my gal!"

"I put 'em in the box all right, all right," declared Etta. "I don't understand it."

"Yes, she did," Maggie assured the irate floorwalker. "We both thought everything was all ready to boost her, but it seems it wasn't."

"Next!" Amber cried, derisively. Freddy slunk away.

CHAPTER VI.

A DETECTIVE.

Mr. Ducey Damm, private secretary for Max Shellbarger and advertising manager for Hiney, Shellbarger and Deppenheimer, had not troubled Fanny since she had begun working at "The Cornucopia," but he had not forgotten her. He had made frequent inquiry concerning her of Miss Ames and had thus kept pretty well informed as to how she was getting on. Several times he had been on the point of mentioning her to Shellbarger, but he had wisely heeded an inward admonition not to do so. Really, it would not have been quite the thing for him to have spoken of her to Shellbarger—that is, not quite the judicious thing—for it would have made Shellbarger suspicious that his trusted assistant was a little too deeply interested in the girl. Damm had never stopped to analyze his feelings toward Fanny, and when, one day, he discovered himself regarding her with great interest from a convenient place of concealment, watching her as she worked and experienced a feeling of jealousy as he saw her chatting and laughing as she waited on a young man in a silk tile, he felt inclined to kick himself because he cared at all whom she talked to or what she talked about. But he had to acknowledge to himself that he did care, not a little, but a good deal. He went back to the private office and as he looked at the ponderous and beastly form of his superior he felt a thrill of dislike for Shellbarger more pronounced than any he had ever felt before.

The stylish young man with whom he had seen Fannie talking as she waited on him was Etta's old customer. Etta watched the two as long as the young man remained at the counter, and when he went away she scowled darkly at Fanny. At the same moment Maggie shook her head at Fanny and pointed a finger at her warningly.

"I couldn't help it," explained Fanny. "When he came to the counter I delayed about the customer before him as long as I could, hoping Etta would wait on him, but she didn't do it, and so, of course, I had to. Why, what else could I have done?"

"Well," said Etta, "you didn't have to put up quite such a glad face to him. No one would have murdered you if you hadn't been so killingly agreeable to him."

"And what if I had scowled at him? Would that have pleased you any better?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, of course you can talk all round it if you want to—that's easy enough," replied Etta, ill-naturedly. "But it's always better for a girl not to be too gay."

"Or too cranky, either," put in Amber Durand, with one of her sweetest and most expansive smiles. "Now, girls, do be good, like your Aunt Amber. 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to,' but make not scrapping your delight—oh, that would never do."

Etta made a scornful face at both Amber and Fanny, and went to the farthest limit of the department and engaged in a whispered conversation with Maggie, in the course of which they looked several times threateningly toward Fanny.

"Never mind them," said Amber, encouragingly. "They failed once, and if they try to harm you they'll fail again. Such silly games as they put up hardly ever succeed. Such folks always get the worst of it in the long run. Remember, you've got one friend here, and you can count on her every day and every hour. I mean your Aunt Amber." She tapped herself playfully on the chin.

"I know it, Amber, and I thank you; but it's hard for a girl that has only friendship for any one who will accept it, to come into a big place like this to earn her daily bread and find herself beset by enemies. Sometimes I wish I had backed out right at the start."

"Not enemies, Fanny—only selfish persecutors. You find such everywhere you work. Why, I've gone into places where I didn't know a soul and where I had no reason to believe that ill-feeling toward me could have found lodgment, and in a week's time I have discovered that a faction had been organized, evidently with no purpose but to make it hot for me and drive me out of the shop. I never went. I never was anxious enough to please busybodies to put myself out as far as that. I just stayed and stayed, and in time I worried some of 'em out—I just made 'em weary. One by one, some of 'em dropped out, and as things shaped up I eventually found myself surrounded by a friendly crowd, for I never gave any one where I have worked a real grievance against me and to many I have given plenty of reason to be my friends. Go where you will, my dear, you'll find a lot of just such people as are pestering you now. You have to give 'em a taste of your quality. You've done that here already, and you're much further ahead in the fight than you would be in a new place. Stick, sister, stick like a burr. That's my advice. You didn't ask for it, and I don't charge you for it, but it should be none the less valuable on that account. Now, be brave. You may have a

[Continued on Page Ten.]

"DABSTERS"

People Who Do Things by Piecemeal.

Many people are convinced coffee is the cause of their sufferings and stop its use from time to time to get relief. During these periods when they are not drinking coffee they feel better. They are getting well in small installments.

"How much better it is to stop short on the coffee and shift to well made Postum and get well once and for all. As soon as this is done the destroying effects of coffee are stopped and a powerful rebuilding agent is set to work. Health comes back by bounds and so long as the right food and drink are used and improper food is left alone the cure is permanent.

A lady of Readfield, Me., says: "I was always a great lover of coffee and drank it so steadily that I would have to stop it at times on account of dizziness in my head, gas in the stomach and other troubles. I would leave off the coffee for a few weeks until I felt better, then would go to drinking it again.

"I continued this for years and paid dearly for it, until about a year ago I read a Postum Cereal article and bought and carefully prepared some. It filled the place of coffee from the start so far as flavor and taste go and it has righted my stomach troubles. I have improved so that my friends notice the change. I have exchanged sickness and misery for health and happiness. Through Postum I have got well all at once." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

Redcoat and Rebel;

OR, THE OLD TORY'S WARD.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Author of "The Dansmore Diam nds," The Missing Million," Etc , Etc.

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Begun in No. 25, June 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The news of the capture of General Washington's spy spread like wildfire. Long before morning almost the whole city knew of it.

There was general rejoicing throughout the British army. Major Secor, who was a colonel's commission waiting for him, was elated with his success. Sir Henry Clinton was highly pleased, and Arnold, the traitor, whose hatred of the Americans was equaled only by his devotion to his new masters, was correspondingly happy.

In every circle but that of the lovers of liberty there was an air of satisfaction.

The spy would soon know his fate. The penalty would be treated to another execution as tragic as that of Hale's, and it was hoped that Jasper would be the last secret agent from the camps of Washington.

"Caught him, have they?" exclaimed Minon Ducros, as she waited early the next morning in her boudoir for her maid. "This is not just what I wanted. I will remove him as a suitor for the hand of Doris Marlowe, and Major Secor will have full swing there."

The French beauty was ill at ease. She waited for her maid with a good deal of impatience, and when Vetis came she bade her arrange her toilette as soon as possible.

Breakfast was served in the dressing room as soon as possible under the circumstances, and when properly dressed for the street, Minon called for her carriage.

"To Fairfax District," she said to her coachman as the door shut upon her, and settling back in the upholstered seat the eager woman gave herself up to thought.

As she was driven through the city she saw groups of men on the sidewalks and knew that they were discussing the capture of the notorious spy. The sight quickened Minon, and, drawing a curtain so that she could not see the sights, she bit her lips till the blood came and ordered the man to increase his speed.

At last, when the heavy vehicle rolled up to the curb in front of the Tory's residence, Minon alighted without help and bounded up the steps.

She met with a good deal of nervousness and was ushered into the old house by a servant, who stared to see who his early caller was.

In the parlor Minon was confronted by Brant himself, who was astonished at the identity of his visitor.

"Is Miss Doris up yet?" inquired the French girl.

"I will see."

"Never mind, friend Brant. Let me seek her in her room. I have important business with Doris, and Doris alone."

Brant stared, and, telling Minon that she could seek Doris out herself, left the girl in parlor to acquaint his wife with the incident of the morning.

Minon flew up the broad stairs and opened a door near the top of the flight.

A slight scream followed this action, and the next moment the two women, rebel and loyalist, stood face to face.

Well might Doris Marlowe look astonished into the wide-open eyes of her early caller.

Minon shut the door carefully behind her. "This is totally unexpected," said Doris, recovering her equanimity in a second. "I did not expect a visitor so early, and least of all yourself, Miss Ducros."

"Nevertheless, I am here," smiled Minon, laying her slender hand, which trembled slightly, on Doris' arm. "You have heard, of course—"

The face of the Tory's ward lost color.

Of course, she had heard. The whole city knew of it, and she was not ignorant of the important catch.

"You don't want him to hang, Doris?" said Minon.

Again Doris stared at the speaker. What did such words from the lips of Arnold's fiercest mean? As Doris recalled their last interview in which Minon had faced her like a baffled tigress, breathing vengeance till every vestige of color had fled from her cheeks, she was plunged into a gulf of mystery.

"You don't want Sir Henry to hang him, do you, Doris?" repeated Minon.

Then Doris was herself.

"Of course not," she answered. "That is the last thing I desire."

"I thought so. He is in a dangerous place. They have taken him to the Black Prison. You know what that means?"

"They took Nathan Hale there."

"And when they escorted him hence it was to the gallows."

"I remember."

"Well, Doris, I am here to help him."

"What! You, Minon Ducros? You help the man who has given your cause so much trouble?"

"You heard me. I am here to help you get him out of the meshes of death."

"I do not understand."

"It is not necessary for me to reveal the real motive of my coming. You do not want Harvey Jasper executed; neither do I."

"But all your sympathies are with King George."

"I throw them to the winds for the present. I want the rebel spy to escape the noose."

"Heaven bless you, then," cried the Tory's ward and she stood before the French dancer, her eyes filled with gratitude, which so enraptured the French beauty that she bent forward and kissed her.

"Don't seek my motive," cried Minon. "I want your friend, your lover, to escape the army hangman. Do you not love Harvey Jasper, Doris?"

The flush that suffused Doris' face made her more beautiful than ever.

"I love him!" she cried. "It is not strange that you should have discovered this, Minon."

"And you do not love Major Hark Secor?"

Doris could not repress a smile.

Then, as in a flash, came to her the real meaning of Minon's visit, and her interest in Jasper's safety. Love and jealousy was, after all, at the bottom of the whole thing.

"Listen to me, Doris," continued the French girl. "They will guard Harvey Jasper well. They will not let him have many privileges, but remember that I am not without influence in this city. We must smash him out. It is possible for you to get my devil when they want to do us injury. But the other week, during a raid across the river, I had a party of these Amazons and I was extremely lucky to escape with a scratch on my arm, she came at me with a pitchfork, and—and—"

"Major Secor, what was the outcome?" asked Brant, nearly bursting with laughter.

"I beat as hasty a retreat as possible and it wasn't a very dignified one, either."

"I guess you would marry one of these same rebel girls?"

The young officer flushed.

"Say, confidentially, he confessed a moment later. "All these female rebels are not like Doris Marlowe. I could go and live along very well with Miss Doris, but, truth to tell, I haven't pressed my suit very far as yet."

"Then you do not know your fate?"

"Not yet. I hope to win till this rebel spy has paid his respects to Jack Ketch. After that I will summon my courage and compel a surrender at an early day."

If the doughty Major had been listening he might have seen a look of fear flash for a way laugh, for upstairs two young women were talking about him and planning to the tails in the parlor.

"You hear that, Minon?" said Doris to her visitor.

Minon Ducros, with her white hands clenched, nodded darkly and started forward, but suddenly drew back.

"Doris, you go to another place and at another time," she exclaimed. "I will teach this man that a woman scorned is the most undesirable fickle fool can encounter."

The two girls listened a little longer.

Presently they heard the jingle of Major Secor's sword on the stairway.

"Give my respects to Miss Doris, friend Brant," they heard him say. "I will call again when I have more time to spend with this paid the penalty of his crime."

"Then you may call," parted Minon's lips.

In another moment the two girls ran to the window, pulling the curtain aside to saw the Major enter his carriage, which had been waiting.

"Many thanks," said Minon to Fairfax Brant, who had preceded him to the floor below. "Your visitor did not detain you very long."

The host rushed with business, is Major Secor. As the lucky captor of the rebel spy, he is the most important person in the city just now. I am sure a commission awaits him, at which you doubtless will rejoice. Miss Minon."

Minon swallowed her anger and replied that Major Secor was very busy in the service of his King, and she supposed he would be promoted for his capture of Washington's spy.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Brant, rubbing his hands. "They are going to settle with the fellow tomorrow, and there will be another gala day in the city."

"When it occurs, yes," said Minon, under her breath, and, bidding the Tory good morning, she was assisted into the door of her carriage, which had been driven to the curbstone, and sprang out and sank back among the dark cushions.

"It's a game more than one can play at, Major Secor," exclaimed Minon to herself. "So you will proceed to move on the works of Cupid in Tory Row-house as soon as the rope has cleared the field of a dangerous rival? Well, we'll see," and a merry laugh laugh parted Minon's lips, which, it was no longer heard, left a smile there that lingered until she had again reached her own house.

It was Woman against the King's cause, you really do not need it. Surely, you are not in need of evidence to condemn the spy."

"Oh, no; but still I thought the letter might clinch matters. Let it go."

Brant took a turn round the room bringing up in front of Major Secor, at whom he looked searchingly for a moment.

Was he on the eve of letting out the secret Doris had bade him keep? Was he about to betray her?

"By the way, how comes on Miss Doris?" suddenly asked the British Major.

"She is well," replied Brant, "and is in her room at this moment."

"She has heard, of course?"

"Oh, yes. We got the news last night shortly after your coup."

"How does she receive it?"

"Coolly. I think she expected something of the kind."

A frown for a moment darkened the Tory's face.

"Fact is, she inherits her sentiments from her father, Colonel Hark Marlowe, had he lived, would now be fighting with Washington. We, my wife and I, haven't tried to change Doris, for we have no right to interfere with her notions of politics. A woman's politics are her own."

"I am not so sure about that," replied the Major. "Some women are the very devil when they want to do us injury. But the other week, during a raid across the river, I had a party of these Amazons and I was extremely lucky to escape with a scratch on my arm, she came at me with a pitchfork, and—and—"

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It was Woman against the King's cause,

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CHAPTER XI.

TRUE TO HIS COUNTRY.

Meanwhile, the hours had in the little room in the Black Prison had passed. The departure of the night and could look from his barred window and see the moonlight on the river, which, not far away, joined the ocean.

It was a beautiful night and under any other circumstances might have had charms to Harvey Jasper, but as it was he felt that the last day which he was likely to look upon had dawned with the first glimmer of autumn, and his thoughts, instead of being fixed on the fair scene, were far away.

He heard the measured tread of the sentry outside his cell where a narrow corridor ran the length of the prison. Jasper's breakfast was slipped in to him and he fell to with an appetite. He was hungry, and the meal was more than passable.

"When would they try him? No doubt he would be hauled before a merciless court martial before sunset, for he realized that the British in their present mood in this city he would let no grass grow under their feet. Therefore, he began to sit on his narrow cot and wait. It was all he could do.

He did not know that it had been decided to try him on the following day.

Slowly the morning waned and the afternoon succeeded, and then came and went seven. At last the lengthening shadows of another day drew round the Black Prison, objects on the floor became indistinct, and the footfalls of his guard ceased to echo. He found himself in silence.

For some time Jasper had been looking out upon the water. His thoughts were not with but in the city and within a home where he had spent so much time.

Had Doris heard of his misadventure? What did she think of his capture and would she try to save him? Save him! What did she not do for him?

When he turned at last from the barred window his gaze happened to fall to the floor and he saw something on the back of paper just within the door.

He looked at it for doubted the evidence of sight. Surely it was not there when he had last inspected that particular spot. Or mayhap it was a piece of white paper which had found its way underneath the door, and the next moment he would crush it in hopes, he would be undeceived.

But in a moment he had crossed the floor and picked up the stray bit.

Now he saw that it was a tiny envelope sealed with wax and addressed to him.

Then he knew that it could not have reached him by chance. Had the guard been bribed? Impossible! No one could bribe a British soldier to help a rebel under sentence of death.

Still for all, Harvey Jasper clutched the little envelope, and made his way to the window where the rays of light still entered. There he felt the breeze from the river on his face and with eager hands he tore the letter open.

In another second he was holding his breath as he read as follows:

"Harvey Jasper: Do not despair, and do not die sleepy tonight. Be prepared for whatever happens. Ask no questions and there will be no failure. A Friend."

Excitement stimulated the chirography of the letter. It was elegant but strange to the prisoner. Who was it from? He had only to look the second time to be disappointed. Doris Marlowe had not written those few strange lines. On the other hand never seen the handwriting before, and, after a moment's reflection, came to the conclusion that it came from the beautiful French dancer. Something resembling like a crest had been torn off the top of the paper, but if the writer wanted to destroy his or her identity, any trace of it of perfume lingered on the page.

A woman had sent him out of the toils? He smiled when he thought of it.

Then he remembered that the unknown friend by having the letter found on his person, young Jasper chewed it up by pieces and swallowed it.

Then he went back to the window and, filled with exciting thoughts, watched the waters, but listlessly.

Ever and anon the tramp of the sentry in the corridor reached his ears.

Suddenly he heard the iron key turn in the lock and as he wheeled he found himself face to face with two men—Major Hark Secor and another.

"You're here yet, I see," grinned the British officer.

"Yes; thanks to your prowess," replied the young Continental.

"This gentleman is Captain Downey of His Majesty's Fusiliers," and Secor waved his hand by way of introduction toward his companion.

"Of the Royal Fusiliers, I suppose?" said Jasper.

"Seems to me I once had a brush with you people," continued the American, cheerily. "It was in Jersey, and, if I mistake not, on the 11th of September."

"We were in Jersey at that time," confessed Downey, with no little chagrin.

"Why didn't you stand that day, Captain?" asked Harvey. "We were actually out of ammunition, and had to charge or be defeated. You fellows can't stand cold steel very well, it seems."

Captain Downey bit his lip and turned to Major Secor for help.

"We have called," said the Major, "to ask a few questions."

"Very well, gentlemen."

"Sergeant Jasper, will you please tell me exactly for what purpose General Washington sent you within our lines?"

"I will not, sir."

This direct refusal caused the two men to look at each other perplexed.

"Was it to keep an eye on General Arnold, or to spy out our defenses and numbers?"

"The secret of my coming, sir," said Jasper, coldly, "belongs to General Washington and to myself."

"And you will not reveal it?"

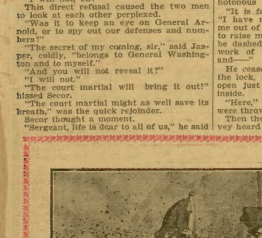
"I will not."

"The court martial will bring it out!" hissed Secor.

"The court martial might as well save its breath," was the quick rejoinder.

Secor thought a moment.

"Sergeant, life is dear to all of us," he said



The password is "White Plains."

at last, stepping closer to the young soldier. "I come hither by authority; I believe I can offer you liberty on one condition."

"And that is the betrayal of Washington?"

"We want the truth more than we do your life."

"Who sent you here Major Secor?" demanded Jasper, as he turned fairly upon the English soldier.

Hark Secor pressed Harvey's arm and led him to the darkened window.

"Sir Henry Clinton," he said, in low tones. "I am free to say, Sergeant, that I would offer you no conditions. This matter is not a commission of my own choosing. As a soldier, I obey the commands of my superiors. What is your answer?"

"You have it already. Go back to your chief and say that Harvey Jasper will not betray the secrets entrusted to him by the great commander-in-chief."

"That is your ultimatum, is it?"

"It is."

Major Secor drew back and after looking at the prisoner a moment said:

"You have sealed your doom beyond peradventure. Tomorrow you will be tried by court-martial and within ten hours after your condemnation, for you are as good as condemned now, you will follow the fate of your compatriot, Hale."

"So be it," said young Jasper. "Good night, gentlemen," and he deliberately turned away.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRYING PAN AND THE FIRE.

Shortly after the departure of Harvey Jasper's visitors the guards were changed. The doomed prisoner heard the footsteps and voices of the relief and after awhile another silence settled down over his cell and the lights on the river grew fewer.

Here and there he could make out the location of a vessel by certain lights and the lamps of the city in the various houses appeared like fireflies amid the gloom.

He had not forgotten the letter which had been thrust underneath his door. He had committed it to memory and could repeat it word for word, which he did while he waited for whatever the night would bring forth.

Friends on the outside? Despite the assurance of the stranger there he could hardly believe it.

An hour passed away, then another. He could hear the sentries below the Black Prison call out, "Ten o'clock and all's well." Yes; all was well with the British, but what of him? What of the man condemned before trial, with a whole army thirsting for his blood?

By-and-by he heard the same call for eleven o'clock, then, after what seemed an endless hour, midnight came and the monotonous cry was repeated.

"It is false!" cried the prisoner, at last. "I have no friends outside who can help me out of this dilemma. The letter was sent to raise my hopes in order that they might be dashed to earth tomorrow. It was the work of the red-coated fiends out there, and—"

He ceased for he heard again the key in the lock, and while he looked at the door open just a little, he saw a hand thrust inside.

"Here," said a voice, as some clothes were thrown upon the floor. "Put them on."

Then the door was closed again and Harvey heard the measured tread of the guard.

When he went over to the pile of clothes he saw that they consisted of a full civilian citizen's garments, well made and of fine texture. There were ruffles at the sleeves and the waistcoat was trimmed with silver lace.

As he held them up, measuring them with his eyes, he caught sight of something protruding from one of the deep pockets, and the next moment he had pulled out a pistol. Surely he had friends on the outside.

Half bewildered by the events of the last few minutes, Harvey Jasper did not hesitate to array himself in the strange garments, which fitted him well, and, pushing his own clothes into the nearest corner, he wished he could have thrust them out of the window for the waters below, but the iron bars interfered.

When he had finished his toilette he watched the door, wondering what would be the next move.

At last he heard a tap on the door.

"Are you ready, Mr. Barclay?" asked a voice.

So he was Harvey Jasper no longer, but Mr. Barclay.

"I am ready," answered Harvey.

In response to this words the door opened and the man on guard touched his arm.

"The password is 'White Plains.' Don't forget it, Mr. Barclay," said the guard.

"You will give it whenever baited. Once on the street you will turn to your right and walk three blocks, when you will wheel to the left, keeping on till you find a closed carriage with one horse. Say nothing to the driver but 'Rosemary,' get in and close the door. The rest will follow. Good night, Mr. Barclay."

Still not a little bewildered by these strange proceedings, the young Continental nodded to the guard and passed down the narrow corridor. He no longer doubted that some powerful agency was at work in his behalf and when he had passed the last sentry by the magic countersign and found himself once more in the open air with the bright galaxy of autumnal stars overhead, he breathed freer.

He paced off the three blocks eagerly, but not with undue haste.

Once or twice he thought he heard some one at his heels; but when he looked behind him he saw nothing but the sleeping city.

Would he find the carriage with one horse, as he had been told he would? So far everything had gone as described to him; certainly the rest would be easy.

Sure enough young Jasper came in sight of a dark object near the curb not far away.

His heart gave a great leap in his bosom when he saw the outlines of a carriage. The one horse was in the shafts, standing sleeping near a post, but no sign of a driver could the young spy see.

However, when he came up a man who had been lying down on the old-fashioned seat of the vehicle, sat up like a ghost and glanced at Harvey.

The young American opened the door of the carriage, and, speaking the word, "Rosemary," stepped inside and closed the door after him.

"Safe," said a voice inside the carriage, and Harvey felt back and his hand on the pistol.

"Safe! The plan has worked like a charm," said the same voice, and the young man seemed to recognize it.

"What! You, Doris?" he cried, but a hand found his wrist as the rig started away and a voice said in low, cautious tones:

"You are safe, Mr. Barclay."

"Then it was you—"

"Silence! We can talk after awhile perhaps," broke in the same voice, which unmistakably belonged to Doris Darrell. "We are moving now. I hope the garments fit you well, Mr. Barclay."

Harvey looked at the name.

"Splendidly," he answered. "I find the pistol to be rather an effective use. It looks like the one I've seen on the mantel in Fairfax Drawing Room."

He thought he heard a laugh in the dark at this, but the vehicle was jolting so over the stones that he was not certain.

He doubted not that Doris was opposite him. He could hardly refrain to her and he wanted to take her in his arms and, with his lips glued to her ear, tell her of his everlasting gratitude and love.

All at once the driver in turning a corner uttered a cry and the next moment there was a crash.

The vehicle swayed under the jar, Harvey heard a volley of oaths, the driver attempted to apologize, but was cut short with terrible force and suddenly some one who talked like an officer of rank demanded an apology from the occupants of the carriage.

"I'll make them apologize or spit them on my sword! Things have come to a pretty pass in this land of rebels when Colonel Hilary of the King's Own is run into by a lot of drunken roysterers! Here! open your mouth, you miserable scum of a rotten country!" and the door of the vehicle was torn open and Harvey looked out.

Already a crowd had collected to see the "fun," for Colonel Hilary was the most noted duellist in the British army, and there he stood, six feet in his stockings, as muscular as a giant, with naked sword and fury in his eye.

"Get out and apologize!" he shouted, at sight of Harvey in the ruffled coat. "Get out, I say, or, by Heaven, I'll run you through and have your lady-love take you home in extremis. Ho! won't fight, Patrick Hilary, eh? Then, you rascal, have at you, hah-how!"

He leaned toward the carriage, and, grasping the side of the door with one hand, thrust out his foil menacingly.

"There's my apology," cried Harvey, at the same time striking out from the shoulder, and the next second Colonel Hilary of the King's Own was measuring his ample length in the street.

"Drive on!" called Doris to the driver, who was laughing at the outcome of the officer's conduct. "Let nothing stop you again—not even the whole British army in New York. And be careful, too."

The man replied with a prompt use of the whip and the animal in the shafts put his best feet foremost.

"Faster! faster!" almost shrieked Doris. "We are pursued by cavalry!"

It was even so. A number of British dragoons were riding furiously after them.

This thrilling story of Revolutionary days will be continued in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are still sent our cameras and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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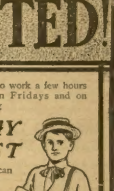

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Clever Paris Crooks.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman set out for Europe on May 14. This is his first European trip, and discussing it, he said, the day of his departure:

"I hope I shan't get fleeced in Paris. I am a little afraid of that town. The Parisian crook is the subtlest and the most indomitable one in the world. A friend of mine gave me a good instance the other day of his devilish ingenuity.

"It seems that my friend was strolling through a fashionable and expensive French shop. A woman entered and proceeded to machase a very costly frock—a $1,000 frock or something of that sort—and meanwhile a well-dressed man, apparently her husband, lingered at the doorway, as though waiting for her.

"The woman, her purchase concluded, counted out a great roll of bank notes, and advanced to the cashier's desk, handing them in her hand. But now, all of a sudden, the man shot his hand in her direction, he exclaimed, 'Didn't I tell you that you shouldn't buy one that frock?' And he slapped her upon the cheek, tore the bank notes from her hand, and stalked out of the shop and away.

"The woman fainted from mortification. It was ten minutes before she was brought to. On her recovery the manager of the place said, regretfully:

"'We are sorry, madam, for this occurrence. Your husband——'

"'My people hate it. He was not my husband,' the woman cried. 'I never saw the man in my life before. He is a thief!'

"So clever," Senator Gorman concluded, "are the crooks of Paris. I hope that I will escape them."

The Mistake He Made.

"Isn't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful?"

"Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing it."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
30 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.,

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
SIE, 215 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger, by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $1.50 a year, $1.00 for six months. Letters should be made to read Room 215, Dearborn Street, Chicago. Subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger, One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

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SATURDAY BLADE
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BOYCE'S WEEKLY

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Advertising rate $1.00 per Agate Line, per insertion, for combination in The Chicago Ledger, Saturday Blade and Boyce's Weekly combined.

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Shall we have to resort to the draft in order to secure a candidate for vice-president?

King Karageorgevitch should examine his title carefully to see if there is no blood on it.

Mr. Folk should be able to carry Missouri, provided the penitentiaries do not get a vote.

There wouldn't be much room at the top if those who reach it were half as big as they think they are.

Wise is the man who can recall a previous engagement when he receives a disagreeable invitation.

If a man or a machine is unable to accomplish a task it should be turned over to a woman with a hairpin.

Where some nations would hold an election and others a revolution, the Servians have an assassination party.

It is said that much bad butter is sold for axle grease; but one must fear that much bad axle grease is being sold for butter.

A disastrous hurricane swept over the Philippines the other day, reminding the natives of the time General Funston swept across the island.

Polonium, the wonderful new metal, is worth $3,000,000 a pound. That is where President Baer may get the price of anthracite coal before many years.

It must be that "Jim" Hill does not want to buy any more stocks at present or else he is using another variety of pepsin, for he now sees prosperity ahead.

A New York court has just made the interesting and reasonable ruling that a man who fails in love at the age of 90 is no more insane than a man who fails in love at any other age.

Possibly the New York man who tearfully tells the court that he can't live on less than $12,000 a year might manage to get along with a few cents less if he had to make it digging coal.

Custom receipts are coming along in a way to break the record. The President may have to call Congress together sooner than he expected in order to give it a chance to spend the money.

A DANGEROUS QUEST;
or, The Fate of the Dauntless Three.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 29, May 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXVII.
A RESCUE.

Having arrived at this conclusion Jack turned to his companion and said:

"Come, Minter, and let's die like soldiers."

"How?" Minter asked.

"It is plain now," Jack replied, "that we are doomed to die here, so there is no use in our trying to hold out much longer. We can only suffer a thousand deaths, and accomplish nothing by it, so we may as well have it over and escape all this torture."

"Then you mean—"

"I mean for us to go out and fight those people face to face until we are killed."

"But our mission?"

"That will have to go. We can do nothing more. We have held out as long as possible. It is useless to suffer for nothing."

"And the suffering is terrible, Jack. I never knew there could be anything like it."

"It is terrible—too much for human endurance. So we'll end it and end it."

"Yes; that's best."

They grasped their guns and started to rise, but at that moment the unexpected happened again.

There was the patter of horses' feet on the ground, a loud shout and a rattle of musketry fire. The next instant the Islanders broke into a scream of terror and fled away into the woods as if pursued by all the demons in hades.

The Americans sprang to their feet to see what it all meant, then threw up their hats and yelled with joy. One glance was enough to reassure them and drive all feeling of deesair out of their hearts.

There before them, on foot, was Captain Thompson and his company of men.

Rest assured that there never had been a time when Dainton and Minter were so glad to see their captain and comrades as at that time.

"I hope you are sound and well, boys," the Captain said.

"Quite so," Dainton replied.

"We would not have been within another minute, though," Minter added.

"They about had you, did they?"

"Just about."

"I was afraid we should not be able to save you, so we made all haste possible."

"How is it you happen to be here, Captain?"

The Colonel became uneasy about you after you had started on your mission, so he sent me out to look after you and bring you back. He concluded you would take too much risk."

"It was a little risky," Dainton said.

"Well, I should think so. But as I was saying, the Colonel sent me after you, and we were riding through the woods back here when we met a young lady, who seemed to know a great deal about you and who offered to guide us to you. She said she knew you were here, because she had just heard shooting here. So we trusted her word and came."

"And not a minute too soon. But who was the young lady and where is she?"

"I haven't had time to learn her name, but here she is, and she can speak for herself."

Dainton stepped around the stone near which he was standing, caught sight of the woman and then cried:

"Antoinette!"

The next moment she flew to him and threw her arms about his neck. He put his arms about her and held her close to him.

"Our best friend and the preserver of our lives!" he cried. "Then you are the best and the bravest woman that ever lived!"

She nestled closer to him, her face radiant with joy.

"I'd do more for you than I ever have done," she whispered. "A thousand times more. For I love you!"

There was a silence of a few minutes, then the Captain said:

"Where is Talbot?"

Dainton and Minter exchanged glances, then the former replied:

"I dislike to believe such a thing possible, Captain, but I fear Talbott has deceived us."

"Deceived you! How?"

"I am afraid he deserted us and went over to the enemy."

"Impossible."

"I fear not."

Then Antoinette spoke.

"But it is impossible," she said. "Talbott is a true man and he did not desert his comrades and friends in time of danger."

"Did not?" Dainton repeated, in surprise. "Then why did he leave us?"

"He remained with Juan under a pretense of being friendly toward him, but his purpose was to help the Americans. He hoped to find out in that way where those guns were stored, and he honed to be able to help you two. Juan trusted him to some extent, but he always kept him watched. At last he discovered that Juan had decided to kill him, then what do you suppose he did?"

"I have no idea."

"He killed Juan, rescued Maria, and escaped with her."

"Where are they now?" Minter asked. "Safe in the little cave back here."

"Then let's hasten to them. Those people may find them and recapture them."

"Show us the way, my good girl," the Captain said to Antoinette. "We shouldn't waste any time until we see that our friends are all safe."

They had just begun to move when Jack said:

"For Heaven's sake, men, if you have any water give us some, quick. You have no idea how thirsty—"

So far Jack got, then he reeled and pitched headlong on the ground. The excitement and the sudden joy attending the unexpected rescue had given him, a little artificial strength, but it could not last long.

He fell unconscious, and Minter, losing consciousness, also, sank down by a stone and sat staring vacantly at nothing.

The Captain sprang from his horse and rushed anxiously forward, but before he reached Dainton Antoinette was there with Dainton's head on her lap.

"He is dead! He is dead!" she cried.

"Great Lord!" the Captain exclaimed. "Have we only found the men and rescued them, just to see them die?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.
NOT ALL OVER YET.

Captain Thompson, not used to becoming excited, became very much so just then. He dropped on his knees at Dainton's side and felt for his heart beats, then, springing up, he rushed to Minter and for a moment knelt over him.

Then he gave a string of hurried orders that no one could have obeyed, and which no one made any pretense of trying to obey.

He called for water, food, whisky, and everything else of which he could think, then hurried to and fro, urging everybody to do everything and doing nothing himself.

Presently an old trooper dismounted, and

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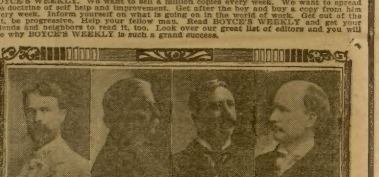
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utterly ignoring the Captain and his orders, took charge of the two men, and calmly and quietly set to work in his own way to bring them back to consciousness.

He had them carried to the shade, and then, assisted by Antoinette, he worked with them, giving them a little water and spirits at frequent intervals, and otherwise treating them.

After a long time he had the satisfaction of seeing them come back to consciousness, and then he knew they were safe. He whispered so much to Antoinette, and her face, which had been deeply troubled, brightened at once.

As soon as Dalnton had so far recovered as to be wholly conscious of everything about him, he struggled to a sitting posture and attempted to rise to his feet.

He found, however, that the effort was too much for him, so he sat down again, with his head resting against Antoinette's shoulder.

But he looked around until he saw the Captain, and then, smiling, said:

"Captain, I wish to have the pleasure of reporting that we have completed the commission to which we were assigned."

The Captain nodded and smiled, and with a slight wave of his hand replied, indulgently:

"That's all right, Dalnton. It don't matter about the commission. You fellows are coming around again, and that is good enough. The commission can go."

Plainly the Captain thought Dalnton's mind was somewhat right yet, and Dalnton so understood. So, saluting again, he said:

"I am ready to report the success of our undertaking, and I hope you will hear me."

"Well, sir," the Captain replied, after a short hesitation, thinking it might be best to humor Dalnton. "Make your report. I am ready to hear you."

Then Dalnton said, "I have the honor and pleasure of reporting that the commission with which we were charged has been successfully executed."

The Captain stared at Dalnton in amazement, and looked at the man who was yet in his right mind. Finally he said:

"How do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that we have located those guns and munitions," Jack replied.

"You have?"

"We have, sir."

"Where are they?"

"Right in there among those rocks."

"No!" the Captain said, incredulously.

"It is true, sir," Jack replied. "Look there to the right, in a deep corner under a large jutting rock, and you will find them."

The Captain did as directed, and he found that Jack had spoken sense. There in a dry place was a great quantity of arms and ammunition.

He came back to Dalnton and gave him his hand.

"Good man," he said, "you are all right. You are—well, you're a good one," he concluded, unable for the moment to think of anything better to say.

"We tried to do our duty, sir," Jack answered, "and we did it the best we could."

"And you have certainly done it thoroughly and well, Jack; and had a hard time of it, too, I think."

Jack smiled grimly.

"A little rough," he admitted. "Yes; a little bit rough in spots. But it's all right," he added, looking up into Antoinette's face, "and I'd be willing to do it again if it was necessary."

"To be sure you would," the Captain agreed. "I know you too well to doubt that."

The Captain was right, but he had no idea of what Jack had in mind. He knew nothing yet of what had passed between Jack and Antoinette, and he never suspected that she was in Jack's thoughts when he spoke.

"Well," some one finally suggested, "how 'bout Talbott? Would it not be a good idea, for some of us to go after him?"

"I had forgotten about Talbott," the Captain said. "Yes; a detail had better go and fetch him, while the rest of the troop remains here on guard."

Minter staggered to his feet, and saluting, said:

"Captain, I beg the honor of accompanying the men who go to fetch Talbott and the lady who is with him."

The Captain looked at Minter for a moment in surprise, then slowly shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I cannot permit that. It is not necessary, and then you have certainly done your part."

"But I ask it as a favor."

"I know, but I cannot grant it. You have done enough for one day, and you need rest."

Minter continued to insist, but the Captain would not yield, so he finally had to give up.

Dalnton said nothing of going, because he considered the expedition of small importance. It was merely to go a short distance to the cave and then return with Talbott and Marie.

A very easy affair, and anybody could do it, as it was of no interest to Jack. If there had been a prospect of some fighting or danger he would have wanted a hand in it.

The Captain divided his force, and while a part of the men, guided by Antoinette, went on their way to the cave, the others remained to guard the arms and ammunition that Jack had found.

For a little while after the men started for the cave there was silence among those left behind, but after a time the Captain turned to Jack and said:

"You have not told me, Dalnton, how you came to find that stuff in there?"

"Meaning the guns and ammunition?" Jack asked.

"Yes."

"Well, by accident, I guess."

"Accident?"

"Yes; about that. You see, Minter and I were cooped up in there by the enemy, and I got to rummaging round in search of a way to get out."

"Yes."

"Well, I couldn't find what I was looking for, but I found the guns."

"I see."

"And it was a lucky find for us, too, because otherwise we'd have been done for long before this."

"How was that?"

"We got some of those guns out and used them to defend ourselves. That accounts for these dead natives you see lying around here."

"Then your find was fortunate in a double sense. Fortunate to the American army and especially fortunate to you and Minter."

"It was certainly fortunate for us," Minter observed. "It was all that saved us."

Then, at the Captain's request, Dalnton and Minter told the whole story of their adventures and experiences from the time they had left the American army. The Captain listened, his eyes growing wider and wider all the time, and when at last they were done, he said:

"Well, for the short time you have been at it you have certainly had some very lively times. I never heard of anything like it."

"Well, time hasn't dragged with us any," Jack admitted, "and we have not found life especially monotonous. We have found interest enough the most of the time to keep us pretty well awake."

"I should think so."

The Captain took out his watch and looked at it.

"How far," he asked, "is it to that cave?"

"Oh, I think about half a mile," Dalnton answered. "Near that."

"Then our men should just about be there."

"Yes; I think so."

The Captain stopped suddenly and sprang to his feet.

From the direction of the cave came the report of a rifle shot, and in quick succession, followed by a regular fusillade of firing.

His men were fighting, and the startling story of war and love in the Isle of Cebu will be told in the next installment week. Our free cameras and patterns are being sent to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Physical Culture.

BY SHIFTY SADIE.

I believe in physical culture for women. We poor downtrodden females should be able to obtain our rights until we have developed sufficient muscle to demand them.

The time to start in training is when tears are an effective weapon. When knights were bold it all we needed to do was to put cinders in her eye when she wanted anything. Now when she objects to anything she must put up her dukes and demand it. What is more effective in all the world than big muscles and a determined will?

If a woman wants a new dress she can, with the aid of well-developed biceps, muscles, demand it. Let her put her hard, knuckly fist under her husband's nose and say a determined tone of voice: "John, I want a new gown, and I want it just about as quick as possible."

If the dress is not forthcoming when she is ready for it, let her or her husband a little taste of her muscle. After she has knocked him out with several uppercuts, a few jabs in the slats and the like, let her renew her request for the gown and it will not be long ere she will be arrayed in fine feathers.

If women were able to put up a good stiff fight in the ring there would be fewer divorces. When a little matrimonial difficulty arose they could call out the gloves and the tears and have it out in the ring. In a large family two or three children could be utilized as seconds and one could be the referee. Let them enter the ring at about the same weight and the referee weigh the knockout bone until the next fight.

One very great reason why women would make good boxers is because they have such a good reach. They would not need to train the jaws at all, but could turn all their attention to the muscles of the hands and arms.

From the standpoint of beauty, also, women should train for the ring. Where is there more beautiful than a well-developed arm? If women insist on wearing decollete gowns they should have arms fit to display. Let them develop big muscles and then they need not be ashamed to appear in sleeves.

I think there should be a ring in every household. It seems only a wedding ring, but a rope ring where husband and wife could put on the gloves and engage in a little mauling bout. Two wrongs do not make one right than a well-developed arm? If women insist on wearing decollete gowns they should have arms fit to display. Let them develop big muscles and then they need not be ashamed to appear in sleeves.

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Green Waiter.

Cafe Proprietor—What was all that crashing of glass?

New Waiter—Phor, sor, two gintlemen told me to spill a bottle av beer, an' I'd've smashed a dozen tropin' to git them exactly in half.

Neither Could Deny It.

"Woman, lovely woman," sung the poet. "Eden was empty before you came."

"True, true," sighed the shade of Adam, "but it was even more empty a little while after."

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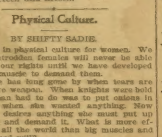

When you dig your bait in Walton Compound. Worms don't look absolutely sure. No fussy preparation necessary. Just put on hook, cast in water and wait for a bite. Sold by all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. L. H. GEORGE & CO., 99 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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for its price, "Lots of pictures." Chock full of good, interesting stories for boys. It is now in its 9th year and has a circulation of over 100,000. We want more subscribers, so we make a special reduced rate trial subscription.

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The Star Monthly, - Oak Park, Ill.

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Up to Date.

Jethro—What do you think the old hen has been doing now? She's gone and made a nest in the icehouse, so's to keep her eggs in cold storage.

Reparice.

Quoth the landlord to the mermaid: "Oh, You're pretty fishy, I'm convinced."
When the mermaid sneered: "I'd rather be Fishy than fleshy," the landmaid winced.

His Opinion.

Mrs. Peckem—I wonder if a man ever does get too old to marry?

Peckem—Of course not. Age doesn't always bring wisdom.

BABY WEATHER

Little Fellows Don't Like the Hot Days.

Mothers should know exactly what food to give babies in hot weather.

With the broiling hot days in July and August the mother of a baby is always anxious for the health of her little one and is then particularly careful in feeding. Milk sours quickly and other food is uncertain. Even in spite of caution, sickness sometimes creeps in and then the right food is more necessary than ever.

"Our baby boy two years old began in August to have attacks of terrible stomach and bowel trouble. The physician said his digestion was very bad and that if it had been earlier in the summer and hotter weather we would surely have lost him.

"Finally we gave baby Grape-Nuts food feeding it several times the first day and the next morning he seemed better and brighter than he had been for many days. There was a great change in the condition of his bowels and in three days they were entirely normal. He is now well and getting very strong and fleshy and we know that Grape-Nuts saved his life for he was a very, very ill baby. Grape-Nuts food must be a powerful process to effect such cures as this.

"We grown-ups in our family all use Grape-Nuts and also Postum in place of coffee with the result that we never any of us have any coffee ills but are well and strong." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason Grape-Nuts food relieves bowel trouble in babies or adults is because the starch of the grain is predigested and does not tax the bowels, nor ferment like white bread, potatoes and other forms of starchy food.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 725 money prizes.

Bright.

"Her children are very bright."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, very! The youngest, even, a boy of four, has already mastered the rudimentary principles of scientific play, and is about to enter on the study of the more advanced forms. The teachers at the kindergarten frankly confess they never met with equal precocity. Often children reach the age of ten without having learned to play scientifically."

A Wonderful Shrub.—Good News for Sufferers From Disorders of the Kidneys or Rheumatic Affections.

It gives us much pleasure to confirm to our readers the fact that in the new botanic discovery, the Kava-Kava shrub, found on the Cingalese and East India, medical science has obtained a true specific for all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder caused by Uric Acid in the Blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys. It is a wonderful discovery, and is proving a blessing to suffering humanity. Many of our readers have already experienced its value in restoring them to health. Among these may be mentioned Rev. Thomas Owen, of West Pawlet, Vermont, cured of Kidney and Bladder disorder of many years' standing; Rev. Jos. Moore, of Hamilton, Ont., cured of Rheumatism and Kidney disease by the wonderful shrub; Hon. B. C. Wood, a leading attorney of Lowell, Ind., for many years a chronic sufferer, but now happily restored to health. Many indies also write of the benefits they have received from the use of Kidney and other disorders peculiar to womanhood. For the benefit of any or our readers who are suffering from Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Disorders, Gall Stones, Gravel, and similar disorders, we desire to state that we have made a special arrangement with the Fourth Avenue, New York, Kava-Kava importers of the Kava-Kava in the United States, and they will gladly send free treatment prepaid by mail, prepaid, to any sufferer who applies for the same.

Works Both Ways.

"My assistant is a man of much ingenuities, yes," observed the editor of Der Hausfreund.

"Has he so?" asked the editor of Der Buchbiatter.

"Ach, yess. Ven a woman writes in to him asking vat it iss to take der onions from der breath off he puts it in der paper dot she shall cat limberger kase yet. Undt ven a voman writes in to him vy it iss to keep der limberger kase from der breath off he puts it in der paper dot she shall onions eat. Nicht wahr?"

A Free Kidney Remedy.

Dr. D. A. Williams, East Brimfield, Conn., says if any sufferer from Kidney or Bladder disease will send him their address he will mail them, free of all cost, some of the remedy they are looking for—like ONE that will cure them.

A Big Problem.

"What are you figuring on, William?" asked Mrs. Puddlesea. "I've told you a hundred times that I don't want you to bring your business affairs home. I shall tell the doctor about it tomorrow."

"This isn't a business affair," she protested. "I was just trying to figure out how many times the real John Wilkes Booth has died a natural death, committed suicide, and been shot or hanged."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25cents a bottle.

Merely in Self-Protection.

Wickwire—You ought to be ashamed of the way you encourage that Mrs. Gossip to call here. Do you really enjoy hearing your neighbors talked about?

Mrs. Wickwire—No, I can't say that I do. But as long as I keep her here I know she is not talking about me.

Not the Generous Kind.

Giltleck—What I told Hobbs is a close political secret. He won't give it away.

Switter—Not he; he'll sell it to the opposition.

A Sufficient Reason.

"How come you name dot chil' 'Innocence?"

"Kase she sich a sweet li'l devil!"

JOKES AND

Losing Time and Losing Hair.

"My young friend," said the slave of statistics, "have you ever paused to think how much of your life is spent in combing your hair? Say you comb your hair three times daily. That means, at a small estimate, five minutes each time, or fifteen minutes a day. Ninety-one hours a year. At the end of fifty years you will have spent 4,550 hours, or, in round numbers, 190 days, simply combing your hair. Many a great fortune has been made in 190 days."

"Yes," answered the young man, continuing to ply his military brushes, "and did you ever stop to figure up how much more time a man wastes after he is fifty in dyeing, coaxing and worrying what little hair he has left, to say nothing of the priceless hours of his old age, which he simply throws to the dogs by fretting and fuming because he can't comb his stray locks over his bald spot so as to make them look like a natural growth?"

Her Conclusion.

"Mamma," said little Marguerite, when the family and the visitors from the country had sat down to breakfast, "is it true that people who snore have bad consciences? I read in one of my books that they do."

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps they have. What makes you ask such a funny question?"

"I was just thinking, if it's true, Aunt Susan must at least have killed somebody once."

Excelsior.

"Plain living and high thinking," said the man, and ate mush and milk three times a day.

But the woman was not to be outdone.

"Plain looking and high thinking," said she, resolutely, and made her own shirtwaists.

Not So Big.

"When he first proposed to me he seemed a big fool and I refused him."

"And then?"

The dear young thing looked shyly down. "Well, he lost twenty pounds right away after that," she faltered.

Affluence.

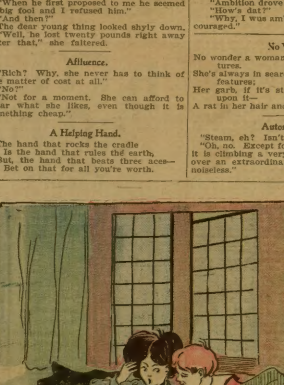
"Rich? Why, she never has to think of the matter of cost at all."

"No?"

"Not for a moment. She can afford to wear what she likes, even though it is something cheap."

A Helping Hand.

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the earth,
But, the hand that beats three aces—
Bet on that for all you're worth.



"When I grow up," declared the offended little boy, I'm going to run away from home and be a pirate——"

"And," retorted the angry little girl, "I shall run away from home and be a princess——"

"If you do I will capture you and bear you away on my low, rakish craft."

"And if you do Tommy Jones will grow up and become a dashing admiral and rescue me. So there!"

"Ambition drove me to dis here life."

"How's dat?"

"Why, I was ambitious ter be President, but de job was always filled an' I got discouraged."

No Wonder.

No wonder a woman's the queerest of creatures.
She's always in search of some moth on her features;
Her garb, if it's stylish, has frogs sewed upon it—
A rat in her hair and a bee in her bonnet.

Automobility.

"Steam, eh? Isn't it rather noisy?"

"Oh, no. Except for a slight puffing when it is climbing a very steep hill or running over an extraordinary large person, quite noiseless."

Not the Same Excuse.

"I suppose you 'met an old friend you hadn't seen for years,' as usual?"

"N'f'ull, m'dear. Met m'self. Said I nev'r met h'for'."

Asked and Answered.

Little Willie—What is flattery, pa?

Pa—Flattery, my son, is the praise we hear bestowed upon other people.

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Quality Rubber Guaranteed. $1 Book Free with all "Quakers." Write for our New Catalogue, special 60-Day offer, Prices Cut in Two. Last chance. Special low prices to agents, salesmen, managers. Wonderful sellers. Hustlers getting rich. Plenty territory. World Mfg Co., 87 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.
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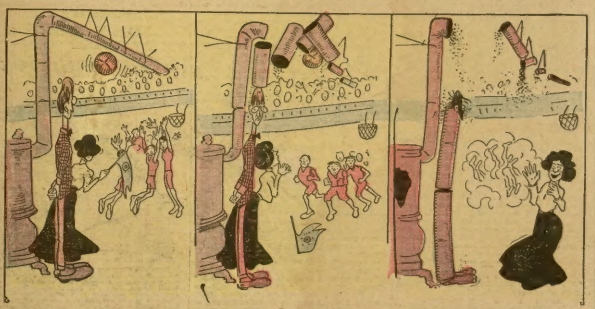
JOLLITY

HE HELPED.



Egbert (aside)—I can't see why Miss Nicely takes such an interest in her class and this stupid game.

"Things want livening up somehow."

Miss Nicely—Oh, Egbert, you're a comic man and you never told me!"

Had to Lose Him.

Ethel—I never see you in young Dent's automobile any more, what's the trouble?

Mae—Oh, he's too slow; I had to pass him up.

Ethel—Tell me the sad story.

Mae—Well, the last time we were out riding together he asked if he might kiss me, and just because I said "no," why, he didn't.

The Strenuous Life.

Caterby—What are you doing in town? I thought you were living in the country, playing golf, ping pong, tether ball and going to dances.

Peterkin—I am. But I have to come to town occasionally to get rested.

Vain.

"Did you find the Chinese a vain people?"

"Very. To hear a Chinese brag you could almost believe an American was talking."

Setting Her Right.

"You say you love me," said the beautiful maid with the auburn ringlets, "but would you die for me?"

"Not at the present stage of the game," replied the young man who was nothing if not practical. "My love is of the undying brand."

About the Limit.

Smith—Is that Brown who is a candidate for office a relation of yours?

Brown—Only a distant relative.

Smith—Very distant.

Brown—Well, rather. He's the oldest of fifteen children and I'm the youngest.

Science.

"What troubles me particularly is the feeling of fullness after I have eaten my fill," complains the man.

"Ah, yes!" says Science, and bestirs itself briskly to discover some more drugs.

Friendly Enemy.

Hixon—Did you win that case in which you were the defendant?

Dixon—You, or, rather, Lawyer Blowhard won it for me.

Hixon—But I thought he appeared for the plaintiff.

Dixon—So he did.

What She Said.

Softun—Did you tell your sister I was in the parlor?

Johnny—Sure.

Softun—Thanks. And what did she say?

Johnny—She said "Drat the luck?"

Out at First.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed Borem as he meandered into Busby's private office, "I just dropped in to kill time."

"Sorry," answered Busby, "but I haven't any time I want killed. Good morning."

Up-To-Date.

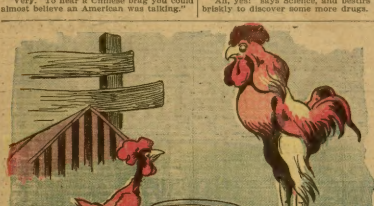
"What does the college degree of B. A. signify?" asked the pretty girl.

"Boss Athletic," promptly answered the strenuous sophomore.

Purse Too Small.

Mifkins—How do you account for the poor fight Blowits put up?

Bifkins—Oh, Blowits had nothing at stake save his honor.



Little Spring Chicken—How do I look?
Old Rooster—Fit to kill.

As a Substitute.

"Ever notice it?" queried the observer of human nature.

"Did I ever notice what?" asked the party with the ingrowing curiosity.

"Every time a splinter enters a room she makes a dash for a chair with arms to it," answered the starter of it all.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Jess—What makes you think her married life isn't happy?

Jess—Because she's forever urging the rest of us girls to get married, too.

No Reason to Fear.

"Do you think your father would accept me as a son-in-law?"

"Why not? Papa is often of a very different opinion from me."

What Happened to Him.

"When Harmison bought that new double keyboard machine he remarked in his wife's hearing that he couldn't get along without his typewriter."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all. Mrs. Harmison misunderstood him."

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FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch has American movement fully warranted for 25 years, stem wind and stem set, Solid Gold Plated, Engine-turned Case, and is Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it Free to any lady or gentleman who will sell 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Write us and we will send you the goods postpaid, and when sold send us the money and we will positively send you the watch and chain. Address ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 15, ERIE, PA.

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$5 CAN BE EARNED EVERY DAY NOW. Should this ad. catch your eye and you send $1 in money or stamps for one of the well known Diamond Standard Fire Extinguishers which are sold at $5.00 each, we will then appoint you as our representative to take charge of the sale in your locality, and allow you $2.50 for your services—over $50 every day—during this truly wonderful invention by practically demonstrating its extraordinary merits which the purchaser will not fail to appreciate. Address THE ST. CLAIR FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO., LANCASTER, O., U. S. A.

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Special Price Only.... 10c.

PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR
It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Saves time in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.
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Filthy Lucre.

[Continued From Page Three.]

lot of trouble; but you'll come out all right if you don't let it be your own fault. But, what's that fellow's name?"

"What fellow?"

"Why, the one you waited on—the one it makes Etta so mad for you to talk to."

"I don't know."

"Honest?"

"Yes; he never mentioned it, and, of course, I never asked him. I never talked with him about anything but business."

"That so?"

"Yes—not a word about anything else."

"Has he tried to flirt with you?"

"Never."

"He must be an awfully foolish chap."

"Why, Amber?" Fanny asked, innocently.

"Well, I'll tell you, Fanny. If I was a young blood like that, I'd flirt with you, Fanny, if I had a chance."

"Say," asked Fanny, blushing furiously at this honest compliment, "what makes all you girls call him a blood? He seems to be a bone for Etta and me to pick—at least Etta seems to take such a view, though I must say I have no designs on him at all."

"A blood is a high-toned dude," Amber explained.

"Well, this young man is no kind of a dude—he's no dude at all," answered Fanny, with some spirit. "He's an out-and-out gentleman."

"Oh!" exclaimed Amber, suggestively, looking at Fanny quizzically, but saying not another word.

"See there!" whispered Fanny, after a moment's awkward silence. "Who is that funny-looking man who is looking things over as if he owned the place?"

"That's Mr. Hiney, and, of course, knew, he does on a good deal of the place—quite enough of it to entitle him to look around here a little if he feels like it. But when he rubbers he never rubbers for nothing. Something's up or going to be up around here. See the man he's talking with? That's one of the store detectives. Say, what?"

CHAPTER VII.

A SHAM SITUATION.

"A detective!" exclaimed Fanny. "What can he want here, Amber?"

The girl looked at her vaguely for a moment.

"He's likely to want almost anything," he answered rapidly. "Here comes Etta—I'll soon know."

"Say, Amber," began Fanny, thinking of the enmity of Fliley, the floorwalker, and of her companion worker who had threatened her, "that Mr. Fliley—Mr. Hiney's friend that had been made to subject her to an accusation of theft—there's going to be nothing to be something more done to make me trouble. Do you think so?"

"Well," said Amber, slightfully, "it may be something like that—nothing that they can do will amount to much. If there's trouble for you ahead make up your mind to bear it and face it. I'll help you, and friend, anyhow; you can always depend on your Aunt Amber."

"Thank you, Amber, I know that; but I should hate to have you lose your place for defending me. Here comes Etta now," and she and embraced her with real affection.

"I should say not," Etta sharply answered, "but if it should happen that way there are other places. I'm not going to have you lose your place on account of me. I really hope, Fanny, that no new game is being worked on you, for you are a dear, and such a brave, child—be brave."

"I'll try to," said Fanny, as cheerfully as she could speak, "but it's hard for an innocent, hard-working girl like me to be subjected to such humiliation as I've had, hoping that it was at an end."

"Our troubles come and in this life," replied Amber, philosophically, then, with a touch of sarcasm, "some of us have more than a little strange to her. "It is best for us to live innocently and bear our trials patiently before we go to that land where all is different from the life that is to come after this. Always remember that God will help you over the rough places in life's road. Now we are going to know what's in Fliley's head, I guess, and detectives are coming this way. They're coming straight to us, as I feared they would do."

Hiney, the scheming member of the firm of Hiney, Shellberger and Company, indeed was not as striking appearing a man as Shellberger. He appeared very shrewd and alert and he was gentlemanly and accessibly after the manner of most successful business men. He was tall, slender and a stooping, and somehow, great as was her sympathy for Fanny, she could not help remembering that he had been a pack peddler and as such had borne heavy burdens. His face was not unhandsome, but expression and his keen black eyes had in them no such an expression of benignancy as characterized the eyes of Shellberger. Fanny thought that Mr. Hiney could not be a very bad man. In some way Hiney and his wife were, man, as men of his kind go, but he could be very hard and unscrupulous, and she was presently to find that out.

"I wish you would show me your stock of men's kid gloves," he said, brusquely to Amber, as he came behind the counter, and the detective stationed himself at the end, point of egress from the place where Fanny and Amber and Maggie and Etta carried their daily bread. "Set out everything in the line, please, Miss Durand."

"Why! What is the matter?" asked Amber, nervously, as she hastened to obey.

"Never mind," said Hiney, curtly. "I want to look the stock over. We can talk about other things later. Have you put every box of gloves on the counter?"

"Yes," answered Amber, "there is the last one of them. They're all here."

"They do seem to be. Now, Miss Durand, look them through with me, and we will ascertain if everything is in them that ought to be in them. That young lady behind you is Miss Fanny Norton, or so I take her to be."

"Yes; this is Miss Norton. Fanny, this is Mr. Hiney, the head of the house."

"Miss Norton looks like a good girl," was Hiney's comment, as he nodded twice to-ward Amber in recognition of the fact that she had diplomatically referred to him as "the head of the house" but many young ladies are set no nice as they look. Some times they prove to be them to find that out-some find it out in the course of business. Don't go away, Miss Norton; you may be wanted."

"Miss Norton is one of the best girls I ever knew," declared Amber. "I could not recommend her to you too highly. She is certain to be a treasure in the store."

"It's good of you to speak for her," said Hiney, dryly, as he eyed Fanny searchingly, "We all have to speak some time or other. I hope your opinion of Miss Norton is justified by her real character. Now, we will look the gloves stock over, and Miss Norton will help us, will you not, Miss Norton?"

"Certainly," and Fanny leaned over the counter close to where Hiney stood and began to open the glove boxes. She was trying to be calm and hopeful, but it seemed to her that she was manacled by some terrible trouble and she shrank within herself because of a sense of impending disgrace. "What do you want me to do?" she asked, in as even a voice as she could command.

"I am beginning to believe that this glove stock has been tampered with," said Hiney, coldly, "and I want to learn if any of it is missing. An inventory was made here last night. The sales checks will show what has been sold today. The gloves in the boxes should make up the balance of the stock as it stood last night. Now, we will count up everything here."

Hiney and Amber worked rapidly and Fanny helped them as much as she could. As she handed the gloves to them she caught a look on the faces of Maggie and Etta over the merchant's shoulder and her heart sank in her bosom as she saw on them an unmistakable expression of triumph. A moment after she saw the two girls whispering confidentially to Freddy Fliley, who looked at her mockingly, his queer, pinky-red face beaming with wicked joy.

In a few minutes Hiney said, bluntly:

"One dozen pairs of the finest gloves is missing."

"Missing!" exclaimed Amber.

"Missing!" questioned Fanny.

"Perhaps that is not the way to state it." Hiney turned his keen, black eyes on Fanny. "If I had wanted to speak very plainly, I might have said stolen instead of missing. The gloves are not really missing."

"How is that?" asked Amber, wonderingly.

"Then, why are they not here?" Fanny queried, anxiously.

"They are here in another place," was Hiney's reply, spoken coolly and incisively. "Now, Miss Norton, it might be better for you to tell me where those gloves are than for you to wait for me to tell you. It would be much harder for you if you should do that, and it might go easier."

"But I cannot tell," said Fanny, slowly. "If I could, I am sure they would not be missing."

"Then I shall have to tell you."

"Why should you tell me, particularly? I am merely another girl behind the stock, but the gloves are not gone through my connivance."

"Not through your carelessness—but perhaps through your over-carefulness," retorted Hiney, coldly. "You may have taken too good care of them."

"I don't understand," said Fanny, in a puzzled way.

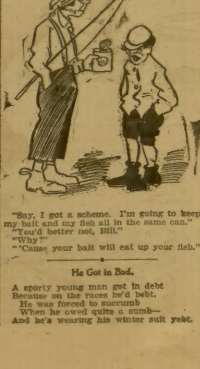
"You put them away too carefully. Did you think they would be safer in your sock pocket?"

"No; what do you mean?" cried the girl.

Your sock hangs in its place in the cloak room, and the missing gloves are in one of the pockets of your cloak, this time, I guess. I hope I don't hore you with stale information. Miss Norton, you will have to submit to arrest. Detective, take her in hand."

This absorbing story of a young girl's experience in a great department store in Chicago will be continued next week. Every subscriber to the Ledger is offered a free camera or free pattern as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Bad Plan.



"Say, I got a scheme. I'm going to keep my bait and my fish all in the same can."

"You'd better use fish."

"Why?"

"Cause your bait will eat up your fish."

He Got in Bad.

A sporty young man got in debt
Because on the races he'd bet.
He was forced to succumb
When he owed quite a sumb—
And he's wearing his winter suit yebt.

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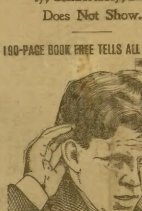

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LENNY'S MISTAKE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

A sunny afternoon in May, with green leaves blowing hither and thither, and the frolicsome little winds climbing up the frail ladders of the vines over the doorway, making them all a-tremble. There was a sweet chorus of robins in the maple tree, and blithe bits of melody falling from the children's lips over the way. There was sunshine on the graveled garden walk, and its yellow splendors had stolen in through the wide-open door, and were caressing the backs of the two gray kittens rolled up in soft little balls at Lenny Howard's feet.

But Lenny was in one of her unhappy moods that afternoon and cared nothing at all for the blessing of the sunshine or for the chorus of sweet spring sounds stealing in from this lazy outdoor world. There was a cloud on her young face that the sunlight could not banish.

"Dear me! I do wish Belle would come back. She has been gone long enough to do forty errands, I am sure; and she knows I am alone, and tied to this hateful chair."

Two days before, at a grand picnic on the mountainside, Lenny Howard had fallen and twisted her foot so that she would not be able, for some days, to step on it for a week; and as she was a restless little mortal, who never kept still for minutes at a time unless she was asleep, the enforced quiet was a terrible punishment, all the more unendurable because Belle Fairfax, who had promised to stay with her all that dreadful week, had gone over her left ankle, and had already been gone two hours.

"If she had only," she exclaimed again, when another ten minutes passed without bringing Belle, "come out of my way!" she exclaimed, pushing the two gray kittens off the cushion. "I'm tired of seeing you so still!"

The kittens went rolling and frolicking after each other across the floor in a sudden spasm of merriment, and at the same moment Belle stood in the doorway, laughing at their pranks.

Even Lenny, vexed as she was, could not help thinking what a pretty picture Belle made, framed by the old doorway. Such a bright, laughing face it was; nut-brown hair above, nut-brown eyes below, both just touched with a glimmer of gold; cheeks the color of a pink rose, and lips still redder and sweeter, and under all a dainty chin with a dimple in it. But, then, Belle had been cruel, and Lenny didn't mean to flatter her.

"You've been away two hours," she began, with a doleful face.

"I know it," said Belle, tossing her hat on a sofa and sitting down in a low chair by the window; "but then you know I haven't been out for two days, and it has been such a perfect afternoon. Beddicus—"

"Besides what?" asked Lenny, at length; for Belle had picked up the kittens and was playing with them, apparently forgetful of the fact that she had left her sentence unfinished.

A rose-flush crept to her face at Lenny's question, and she hesitated a moment for an answer.

But the proud little head was lifted at last, and the bright eyes fixed bravely on Lenny's face.

"I met Frank just as I was coming home, and as I wanted a man who had something to say to each other—we walked back a little distance. I am afraid, Lenny, we really forgot you. But you'll forgive me, and I won't leave you once tomorrow."

But Lenny looked at Belle's bright face and hardened her heart against her friend.

Had she not acknowledged that they had forgotten her? And had not Frank Maxwell been her devoted lover for six months? Only that day at the picnic he had begged her to say when she would be his wife, and now he had quite forgotten her in a stroll with Belle! It was cruelty more than any woman could be expected to bear with good nature, so she turned her back on Belle and refused to say a word.

"Lenny," said Belle, with a little tremor in her voice, "won't you look at me, dear; for I have something to tell you, and I really want it off my mind? Frank Tunghit I ought to tell."

"Don't dare to tell me, Belle Fairfax!" cried Lenny, passionately. "Do you suppose I don't know all about it?" she continued, facing Belle with crimson cheeks.

"How did you—when did you find us out?" Belle asked the question bravely enough, but she was really shaking with apprehension of a storm.

"Never mind that. It is enough for you to know that I think you are the most deceitful creature in the world, and Frank Maxwell is—"

"What, Lenny?"

And Frank came in, just in the midst of the angry sentence, and looked in astonishment at Lenny's flashing eyes and Belle's troubled face.

"I told you how it would be, Frank," began Belle, "and you see I was right."

"But I really don't see why Lenny should be vexed at the matter if you are satisfied, Lenny, I had really expected better things of you," continued Frank, with a reproachful silence in her direction.

"I know how it is," faltered Belle: "Lenny thinks I am too young and foolish to be yours."

"Will you hush!" cried Lenny, stamping her little foot angrily down on the gray kitten's tail and flashing her eyes from one to the other. "I should like to know if you are not six whole months older than I am, Belle Fairfax! And I'm sure I don't care," continued Lenny, growing suddenly very white and sinking back in her chair, "but—but you might have told me before. Go and marry him as soon as you like, but don't stand there making faces at me any longer."

And Lenny shut her eyes resolutely.

"Well, I am sure I am glad of your permission, dear," Bess replied, with a melancholy little laugh; "but, Lenny, I want you to be glad of it; because I shall want you to come to us often, until you are married yourself."

Lenny opened her eyes and looked with angry astonishment at Belle's blushing face.

"Come, Lenny," and sitting down and taking the little restless hands in his own, he put his arm around her. It isn't a bad thing to have such a jolly little stepmother as Belle; and if

But that sentence was destined never to be concluded, for both Lenny's arms were around Frank's neck, and—well, he found new employment for his lips.

"Now, Lenny, I am sure this is really good in you," broke in Belle. "Of course, it will save query for me to be Frank's mamma, and consequently yours, but then you know you need never call me anything but Belle. Of course, you couldn't do it!" she added, laughing.

Lenny looked up as meek as a kitten, all defiance vanished from her laughing eyes.

"I think it will be just lovely," she exclaimed, hiding her head again on Frank's shoulder; "and, of course we shall call her mamma, shall we, dear?"

"Then you were only making fun, after all?" asked Belle: "you looked you would frighten me, because I left you so long alone?"

"Yes," murmured Lenny, softly.

But she never told anybody but her husband that her jealous heart had imagined—that he had learned to love Belle best, and that Belle meant to be his wife.

"Pshaw!" said Frank. But he kissed her very tenderly, nevertheless.

Not Agreeable.

Minnie—I didn't like that New York stock broker I used to work for. Once he squeezed my hand.

Mayme—I see—another squeeze in Wall Street.

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"Not from golfing on Sunday?"

"No; but it keeps him from swearing when he foozles on Sunday."

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FOUND IN THE WOODS;

or, A Bound Boy's Adventures.

By E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "A Mystery of the Forest," "The Lone Island," Etc

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Begun in No. 24, June 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

But the lantern had disappeared, and the two horse-thieves could be heard making for the woods with all possible speed.

The report aroused the farmer, and he came tearing into Tim's room excitedly demanding what had happened. The youth quickly explained, and just as he expected, the farmer insisted on going out.

He got into his clothes in double quick order, then securing the lantern, started for the barn, followed by Tim. They found both horses untied, but no other mischief had been done, the outlaws hardly having time to get to work when they were so unexpectedly interrupted.

The farmer was fearfully angry, and stormed around the barn like a lion. He insisted in searching every nook and cranny of the stable, and even went so far as to go up in the loft and beat through the hay, but, of course, nothing came of it.

When he had calmed down sufficiently to be satisfied that the marauders had fled, the barn was secured once more, and they went back to the house. Tim sought his bed at once, and this time slept soundly until called by Mr. Bell in the morning.

The latter was still in an angry mood, and after breakfast declared his intention of searching the woods for some signs of his missing horse or the men who had stolen him.

"It's just possible that he may have got over the fence somewhere and wandered away," he said, "and we'll hunt through the woods for some trace of him. If the horse-thieves have run him off they've like as not taken him through the forest, and we may strike their trail."

"I don't think we'll gain anything by that," ventured Tim. "I feel pretty sure that he was stolen and that the outlaws have him safe in the mountains by this time. Probably the same fellows who broke into the barn last night were the ones who took him from the pasture yesterday."

"I think so, too, now," replied Bell. "But at the same time it seemed strange that they didn't take some of the others. They could just as well have taken two or three as the one," he argued.

"Perhaps they only wanted the colt then," suggested Tim.

"Well, we'll make a careful search, anyhow," said the man. "And if we do find their trail, I'll get up a party and run 'em down if it takes all the fall. Better stay, Tim; I'll show 'em that they can't steal my stock and get off scot free!"

The morning's work was soon completed, after which Mr. Bell took his nine and set out for the woods, directing Tim to follow as soon as possible. But Tim wanted to get Harry to accompany him, so he hurriedly ate gun and made his way to the corn field where he had to wait some time before his friend came along.

"I've more news for you," cried Dare, when at last he came up.

"What is it?"

"More horse stealing. But this time it's Baltmore's barn they broke into. They got away with a fine horse."

"Well, this is getting ahead at a great rate," said Tim. "Our barn next broke into last night, but nothing was stolen," and he proceeded to give an account of the midnight alarm, while Harry leaned on his gun and listened in surprise.

CHAPTER X.

LONESOME LIZA'S LANE.

When Tim concluded Dare stood in deep thought for a minute or more, then broke out suddenly, and said:

"Do you think that sodder can have anything to do with this business?"

"He may have," answered Tim, thoughtfully, "but I hardly think so."

He then went on to tell about the missing colt and how Mr. Bell had gone to the woods to look for him, expecting the youth to follow close behind.

"So the corn'll have to wait," he concluded. "But we can soon finish it when we come back, and I'd like you to go along with me."

"Of course I'll go," said Dare. "I'm sorry to leave the corn, though, for we could finish it in a couple of hours."

They started for the woods and soon climbed over the fence that separated it from the corn field. It was part of the same forest in which they had left the pedlar two days before.

It made an abrupt bend to the left farther down, so that a large portion of it bordered on the pasture, and if the colt had contrived to get out of the field it would be a very easy matter for him to wander away in the thicket.

While the woods was comparatively light down around the vicinity of Mr. Bell's farm, it extended many miles to the north, and grew heavier and denser till it finally developed into an almost impenetrable wilderness.

A long chain of mountains bounded the forest on the west and north, and it was somewhere in this locality that Dare proposed taking the two weeks' camping out expedition.

Bears, wolves, and other large game infested this section in great abundance, and very often they were known to come down out of the hills to kill and carry off the various cattle belonging to the neighboring farmers.

It was a common occurrence to meet them down in the woods, and several venturesome hunters had narrowly escaped destruction by penetrating too far into the wilderness, and falling in with the ferocious inhabitants, armed with only an ordinary shotgun.

Therefore, when the boys, having unsuccessfully looked through that part of the woods in the vicinity of the farm, turned their steps in the direction of the wilderness, they did not feel as easy as might be desired. They had no arms with them but the shotgun carried by Tim, and this was useless to be of no account in an encounter with a bear.

"We'd be in a bad way if we should meet a bear or a panther now," said Harry, as they plunged into the woods. "That popgun of yours wouldn't be in it."

"I know it, and for that reason we won't go too far," replied Tim. "We can go a mile or two yet, then if we don't see anything we'll turn back."

"We ought to have heard something of Mr. Bell by this time," Dare confided.

"He's probably farther down," said Tim. "I don't think we'll meet him at all now."

They continued to advance, the woods growing denser with each step. At last they came to a brook, which, however, they were forced to go before they could proceed.

It appeared to be a dense swamp, for water and bogs could be seen all along the border, while the dense thicket farther back came the dismal croak of frogs and lizards.

"This must be the lower corner of Bear's Nest," said Tim, as they halted for a moment to see which way to go.

"That's what it is," answered Harry. "There are no houses in there for the colt. He couldn't get through that place."

"They say it isn't all like that," went on Tim. "There's higher ground farther north and a regular path runs all the way through to the foot of the mountains."

"That's the road they call Lonesome Lane, isn't it?" asked Dare.

"Yes; and Lonesome Liza herself lives in an old hut somewhere up in there," said Tim.

"I've heard some of the farmers tell about that, but I don't take much stock in it," said Dare. "Just fancy an old woman living in such a place."

"I guess it's warm enough," said Tim. "Joe Higgins saw her several times while out hunting, and he says he's not the man to lie about such things."

"Why does she live all alone here?" asked Harry.

"She's half crazy, they say. She got that way worrying over family troubles, and people she had when she was a young woman. They're all dead and buried around the jungle and continued on. After awhile they noticed that the woods were more solid. But the woods were denser than ever, and they were soon afraid of losing their course.

"We'll go as far as that oak," said Tim, pointing to a large tree. "Then we'll turn back."

When they came up to the tree they found that it grew at the side of a crude but well-defined road.

"This must be Lonesome Liza's Lane now," cried Tarry, looking around.

"I guess you're right," said Tim.

He gazed up and down the road, but the bushes grew over it so that both sides that it was unable to see more than a few yards in either direction. It led down into the swamp, however, on one side, but the ground was comparatively dry here, and on examining down in the jungle, the road was found to be as hard as this point as it was farther back.

"We may as well follow it a ways," said Tim. "We may be lucky enough to find something that will be of use concerning the colt."

"There's no hoof marks here, anyhow," said Dare, inspecting the ground closely.

"There's so much grass and leaves around it'd be hard work to make 'em out if they were here," Tim answered.

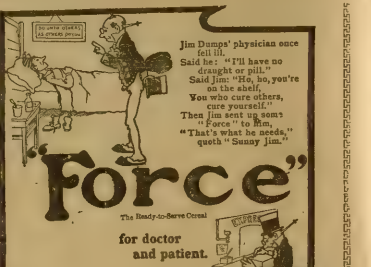
They followed the lane through the thicket for nearly a mile, the weird creaking of the frogs and lizards from both sides being in perfect harmony with the grewsome surroundings.

The lane seems to have been in pretty good condition at one time," said Dare, at last. "Wonder why it was built?"

"I think I've heard Mr. Bell say that it was used by lumbermen years ago to haul logs from the mountains."

They could see nothing along here, however, and had just about decided to turn back, when suddenly a gunshot rang out close by.

The boys jumped and Harry was con-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sciousness of a singular feeling of uneasiness stealing over him.

"What can it be?" he asked, trying to look through the underbrush.

"Some hunter, likely," said Tim. "He'll be along in a moment."

"Maybe it's Mr. Bell," suggested Harry.

"No; he wouldn't come so far back as this."

Dare's uneasiness increased as the moments passed. He had a premonition that something was going to happen, and when at last approaching steps were heard he turned to Tim, excitedly saying:

"Let's hide! Get behind these bushes!"

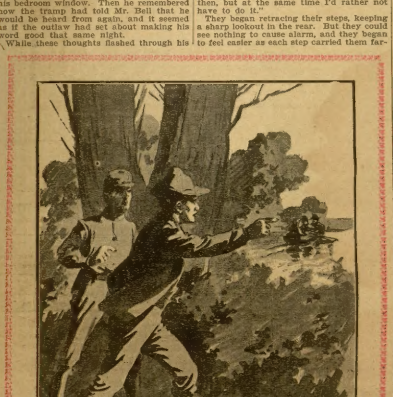
Tim was too surprised at his friend's sudden alarm to act quick enough, and Harry pulled him back behind a dense clump of bushes, where they barely had time to crouch down before the party advancing was close upon them.

It was well for them that Dare's uneasiness prompted their concealment. Two men, one carrying his arm in a sling, the other with a rifle over his shoulder, came into view, and passed slowly by.

The boys nearly betrayed themselves by a cry of surprise, as they recognized the evil-looking face of the peddler in the man who carried the gun. The other, Tim saw, was the identical tramp who had stopped at the house and asked for food the preceding night.

The fact that his arm was disabled showed the youth that it was the fellow who had tried to run off the horses, and on whom he had fired with the old rifle from his bedroom window. Then he remembered how the tramp had told Mr. Bell that he would be heard from again, and it seemed as if the outlaw had set about making his word good that same night.

While these thoughts flashed through his



"Look Yonder!"

mind the men, who had gone on some distance, suddenly stopped, or rather the tramp halted, and the peddler turned back to see what had happened.

"The bandage on my wrist is loose," said the former; "help me fix it up. It's lucky for me that the ball struck the lantern, or it would have torn my hand off. I'd just like to get hold o' the one who fired that shot."

"S'pose it was ther boss o' ther place," said the peddler, as he laid down his gun and proceeded to adjust the bandage.

"It was either him or the boy. But it won't go well with either of them when I see them again."

As Tim heard this his feelings can be imagined.

"It's spelled er good deal," said the peddler, as he removed the bandage and began rewinding it. "Yer may hev' trouble with it yet."

From their place of concealment the boys could see what was going on as well as hear all that was said. But the men did not talk long, for the bandage was soon retaliking, for the bandage was soon retaken, and picking up the gun the two moved away.

The boys did not venture out for fully five minutes lest they should return suddenly and discover them. They had no desire to fall into the hands of the desperadoes, for they knew too well what to expect if they did. At the same time Tim felt very indignant toward both, and sincerely wished that they were able to overtake them and administer the punishment they so richly deserved.

When they were satisfied that the men had gone they stepped out into the road again.

"Do you know I was never so glad of anything in my life as I was to see the peddler just now?" said Tim, and Dare looked at him incredulously.

Had it not been for his evident sincerity he would have believed him jesting.

"Why in the name of thunder?" he managed to inquire.

"Because I know now that I didn't kill him when I shot at him the other night. That has given me more worry than I can tell you. A fellow doesn't feel as comfortable as he might when he's conscious of having committed a murder, especially when he wakes up in the night and thinks about it."

This was so. Tim had experienced a good deal of mental distress since the shooting occurred, but the appearance of the marauder alive and well, lifted a great load fro mhis mind.

He had, of course, aimed deliberately at the time, but that was under the excitement of the moment while actuated by a spirit of self-defense, but after all was over and he had time to think calmly of what he had done, he found it quite another matter.

Dare, however, was evidently not so sensitive.

"That's all nonsense," he said. "The fellow would shoot us down like dogs and never give a second thought to it. He may do it yet, for that matter. You heard what he said, I suppose?"

"Yes; but we must be on the watch, and avoid meeting him if we can. Still, I don't want you to think I'm chicken-hearted," he added, hastily, "for if he should attack us again I'd try to shoot him just as I did then, but at the same time I'd rather not have to do it."

They began retracing their steps, keeping a sharp lookout in the rear. But they could see nothing to cause alarm, and they began to feel easier as each step carried them far-

ther away from this dangerous section.

Suddenly a roar of thunder attracted their attention, and looking up, they saw that a heavy thunder shower was rapidly coming on.

The rays of the sun were soon obscured, and a partial gloom settled over the forest. A stiff gust of wind moved through the tree tops, and the angry clouds came rolling toward them, brought on by the steadily increasing gale.

"We're in for it now," said Tim. "If we don't get a ducking, I'll miss my guess. Just see how black those clouds are up there."

"It'll dash rain in less than five minutes," cried Harry, as another roar of thunder burst over their heads.

The boys looked in dismay of reaching the place where they had entered the swamp as soon as possible. The only shelter available was that afforded by the heavy foliage of the larger trees, but the rain would likely drive them before they could reach it.

Suddenly a flash of lightning, so vivid that they were obliged to close their eyes, forked itself from the clouds, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the very earth.

There was a large chestnut tree some distance ahead, and as the boys looked up again they saw that the electric bolt had struck it, laying it open from top to bottom as completely as if it had been split by an enormous wedge. A peculiar odor hovered around it, producing a suffocating sensation upon them as they came within its radius.

"Let's get out of this," cried Dare. "I can hardly breathe."

"It's awful," gasped Tim, "and the worst is coming."

They sprang past the tree, and as they gained the opposite side the first drops of rain began to fall.

"Let's run," cried Tim. "It'll be on us in full force before we can reach the trees."

They broke into a run, emerging from the swamp just as the shower burst upon them in earnest. Looking around for a suitable tree to stand under a large cedar attracted their attention.

They were putting themselves under it when a big Newfoundland dog rushed out of the bushes and began barking fiercely. The next moment a woman's voice called to the brute from a point farther down the lane.

"Doc, here! Doc, here, here!"

With a parting growl the dog withdrew, and a moment later they could hear the woman urging him to come in out of the rain.

"There must be some one living there," said Tim. "Let's run down and ask for shelter. It's dangerous to stand under these trees anywhere. The lightning might strike us."

"I'd rather take our chances and stay here," answered Dare.

"What's the matter with you? We'll get soaking wet, and run the risk of being killed by lightning," cried Tim, as another

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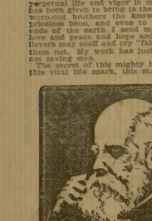

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flash burst from the clouds, and a roar of thunder rolled over the woods.

CHAPTER XI.
IN THE CABIN.

The rain was falling heavily, but the torrents to follow had not yet commenced. They would still have time to go a short distance before the deluge burst.

The did not hesitate long.

"Come on," he cried, springing out from under the cedar and steering on a run down the lane.

Dare followed, and in less than two minutes they came in sight of a small log cabin standing close in the woodside. They advanced and rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the same voice that had called the dog.

"Two boys who have been caught in the rain. Won't you please let us in till the shower is over?" asked Tim, and the dog began barking loudly from within.

The woman quickly silenced him, and a moment later the door was opened. The boys started back in surprise as they beheld the occupant.

She was a decidedly pretty woman, probably not much more than thirty, and she had the unmistakable air of gentlewoman about her, though her dress was coarse and ragged. Her long, black hair was brushed back from her forehead and hung in a thick plait down her back.

She fixed her large black eyes on the boys, gazing at them more than a minute before speaking.

"Do you want to stay here till the storm is over?" she asked at last.

"If you'll be kind enough to let us," answered Tim.

"Where are you from?"

"From the other side of the woods. The train I work for owns a section adjoining the forest about four miles to the southeast."

"You can stay if you like, but you must be not to."

"Why not?" he asked, puzzled at her manner.

"That's none of your business," was the blunt beholden. "If you come in I don't want you to ask any questions."

"Don't go in, Tim," said Harry, uneasily. "There's no use troubling the lady."

The woman laughed at this and replied:

"It's no trouble at all. You're welcome to the shelter, but you run a risk in coming into the cabin which I can't explain, and for this reason I'd advise you to go along even if you do get wet."

As she spoke the rain suddenly began descending in torrents, and the wind carried it through the open door in sheets.

"Come in or out, quick," she said. "I must shut the door."

Prompted by a sudden impulse, Tim crossed the threshold and Dare followed. The door was speedily closed, and the boys saw that the storm burst forth in all its fury. The vivid flashes of lightning came through the one window in the rear of the cabin with dazzling rapidity, and the thunder crashed on and on incessantly.

"It's the worst storm we've had for many a day," said the woman, "I guess I'll close the window and light the lamp. I'm afraid it will smoke."

The window was provided with a heavy board shutter, hung from without, and it was swung to and fastened.

It was dark as a dungeon for a few seconds afterward, during which time the visitors felt decidedly queer, but she soon struck a match and lighted a candle which stood on the table.

Then they looked around the room. Everything was scrupulously neat. A rude carpet on the floor, and a table, two or three chairs, a rocker, lounge and a small stove composed the furniture.

A door just a little to the right of the stove suggested the presence of a bedroom, and as they concluded the occupant of the cabin kept house and ate, every one who has been in his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and hope that can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness with the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

Remember, it matters not how old you are; it matters not how you lost manhood, or when you lost it. It matters not what doctors or scientists have told you ordinary drug or stimulating tonic or electric belt has touched the spark or life itself, and it matters not how many "cures" you have failed, I have repeatedly and instantly restored the youthful vigor of many supposed hopeless cases. I send you this precious gift without a penny in advance. Just send me your name and address and I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has started the world by its amazing effects and I am determined to make no secret of it. It matters not if you have tried electricity, drugs or stimulants, if you have written to Dr. Sargent or Brown Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every weak man to write to me for I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has started the world by its amazing effects and I am determined to make no secret of it. It matters not if you have tried electricity, drugs or stimulants, if you have written to Dr. Sargent or Brown Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I must do all that I can. My power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of my research and study of the forces that be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

CHAPTER XII.
WATCHING THE CABIN.

The boys could see that the woman was almost distressed, though unable to understand the situation, they knew that her anxiety was for them, and that was evident. A peril threatened, the nature of which they did not suspect, and for which the boys was fully cognizant.

They stepped up and came forward, reaching the woman's side just as a loud knock sounded on the door. She made no attempt to respond. The knock was repeated, evident helplessness until her eyes rested upon the closed door.

"This way, quick," she whispered, "and make no noise."

She crossed the room and began to unfasten the shutter, while another and louder rap was heard on the door.

"Don't keep us here in the rain. We're wet through to the skin," said a voice that made the boys jump as if shocked by an electric current.

The window was now opened, and the noise thus occasioned being drowned by the pattering rain, the woman replied:

"Go straight for the woods in the rear of the cabin. Don't make any noise, and on your lives never come here again."

They climbed out and made for the woods, while the woman closed the window again.

At the same time the voice of the party in front could be heard angrily shouting as he banged the door.

"Lies! Lies! What's thunder's the matter? Open the door!"

The sound of that voice served as an incentive to increased speed. The distance between the hut and the woods was covered by the boys in a marvelously short time.

Then, as they gained a concealment in the underbrush, Tim grasped Dare's arm, exclaiming excitedly:

"Do you know who that was trying to get in?"

"The peddler," said Harry, looking out toward the cabin and shuddering for the woman's singular behavior. She expected them, and didn't want 'em to meet the peddler," Tim continued. "The man either live there or are in the habit of stopping there, and she didn't want us to know it. Before I leave this place I'm going to find out more about them, though, or know the reason why."

"How?"

"I don't know yet. I wish there was some way we could lock in the cabin. I'd give anything to see what's going on in there now."

He peered through the bushes toward the hut, and observed with surprise that there was no light in the matter. The window was still tightly closed

the men appeared and stood near the corner of the structure as if waiting for some one to follow.

Suddenly the Newfoundland threw up his nose and began sniffing suspiciously.

"He scents us!" said Harry, excitedly. "We will be discovered!"

The dog continued to sniff for a moment, then, with a loud yelp, he started toward the bushes behind which the boys were concealed. Discovery was sure to follow, and they were on the point of making a break for safety when the man sternly called him back. He turned and trotted to him, and was soon howling into the house by a vicious kick.

"You worthless brute," growled the man, "you always want to hunt when a fellow's no time to bother with you."

The boys could hardly realize their narrow escape, and for the next few seconds held themselves in readiness to plunge away if the dog appeared again. But he had gone for good, it seemed, and once more they turned their attention to the man, wondering what he was waiting for.

They were fully alive to the situation, feeling sure that nothing was about to occur that might be worth knowing. The fellow continued to stand there for more than two minutes, then he shifted about uneasily and finally cried, impatiently:

"Why don't you hurry? If you don't hustle a little we may as well not go."

"Comin'," was the reply, and soon after the peddler emerged from the hut, followed by an old woman with long, gray hair, limping along by the aid of a staff.

Here was another surprise for the boys, and they showed it by staring at the old hag in amazement. Who could she be?

Then Tim touched his companion's arm, as an idea flashed into his mind, saying, in suppressed excitement:

Another installment of this story, increasing and deepening the interest, will appear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

They say that widows often grieve
If they never wed again;
But that grass widows grieve the most
For then they all look seedy.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity of construction and general excellence. They sell from the store from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are contained on every pattern. By special arrangement with the publishers of the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns will be furnished you, or you can have one pattern and a subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted---second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Third, be sure to have stated by what name Pattern you want. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

PATTERN DEPT. CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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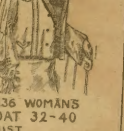
4433 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST

4429 CIRCULAR SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4427 TUCKED ETON 32-40 BUST

4436 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST



4438. TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4437 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST

4426 MISSES SAILOR BLOUSE 12-16 YRS

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There is nothing whatsoever behind this offer to send you a 5 days' trial treatment free. It means that and nothing more. It is no C. O. D., prescription or deceptive scheme, as this concern is too large to resort to such nefarious methods. And while others are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in advertising, the Von Mohl Co. puts its spare money into the remedy itself, and thousands of pounds are handed to all men who send their name and address, and in this way they not only prove the value of Calthos, but they do mankind some good. You surely need this great discovery if you suffer from Lost Manhood, Emissions, Prematurity, Spermatorrhea, Weakness, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Lack of Virile Power, Hydrocele, Impotency; if you are baldheaded, timid in the company of ladies, if you lack confidence in your powers, if you are not sociably as attractive as you used to be, if you are getting to be a "woman hater," Calthos will get your blood to coursing as in the good old days, your nerves so tingling with renewed ambition, your muscles enlarged with increasing power; it will stop the drains, create healthy life force, invigorate the flabby parts and make you a man. It is the one sure thing in your prime, and at every vigorous man sees it throughout life. It will be a permanent cure and accomplished privately in your own home.

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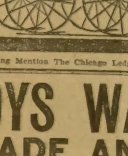

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Rainy Day Party.

Here is a girl's account of how she and her friends held an impromptu party on a rainy day:

"Half a dozen papers of pins were the only paraphernalia necessary. For the first game we gave each player twenty-five pins and a little score card, to which a pencil was attached. The object of the game was to drop one's pins singly in such a way that they would stick upright in the carpet. One point toward the prize was promised to the one who should succeed in making the most pins stick upright.

"This nonsense proved most exciting. One person at a time was called upon to drop her pins. This he did by standing perfectly upright and holding his arm straight out from his shoulder. Bending and stooping were prohibited.

"Pie crowned carried on the fun with a vim. For this we rolled back the rug and by means of a tack hammer made a little croquet ground with pins. Two pins side by side formed a wicket and one pin a stake. The wickets were arranged exactly as for lawn croquet. The balls were marbles, the mallets umbrellas tightly rolled. The game was played as strictly as possible according to the lawn rules.

"For this third sport we invaded the pantry and seized upon a dozen oranges of particularly fine size. These were placed upon the floor in one corner of the room. Each person was then called upon in turn to pick up one of the oranges upon a common pin and run with it so poised, making a complete circuit of the room. Owing to the size and shape of the fruit, this proved far from easy."

A Follower of George.

"Mamma," queried a bright little fellow, "how old will I be on my next birthday?"

"Six years old, dear, if you live," she replied.

"And if I don't live," continued the youthful information seeker, "will I keep right on having birthdays just like George Washington?"

Man Who Sought Employment.

A man sought employment of a farmer who said he did not need help because it was too wet to plow. The man, then asked to be allowed to drive his team, but the farmer said the roads were too bad to haul anything, says a writer of fables in St. Nicholas. He next asked if he could not excavate for a cellar, but the farmer said that he could not then build because it was too damp. Seeing, therefore, that the farmer was in trouble because his land was flooded, the man went away and sought to devise some means of getting rid of the water, and when he returned he asked for employment as a drainer. The farmer thereupon eagerly employed him, and the man got more pay for draining than he could have got for plowing, driving or digging. So he said: "When one wants a job he must put mind as well as legs in his application. By seeking not merely for something to do, but for something that somebody wants done, he will often get employment."

Had a Large Family.

It is said that a farmer living near Fulton was standing in his barnyard a few days ago, when a well-dressed stranger leaned against the fence and inquired how much he would take for one of the cows in the lot.

"One hundred dollars," was the reply.

"I'll take her," said the man. "Can you give me two more just about like her?"

The farmer thinking he had a chance to dispose of several of his cows at good prices, drove two more out of the barn, and offered the three to the stranger for $300.

"All right," said the stranger, beginning to climb the fence, "I want them to furnish milk for my children."

"How many children have you?" asked the farmer, showing some astonishment.

"Ninety-three," was the calm reply.

The farmer was just getting ready to ask the man his name, with the purpose of sending an account of his life and public services to President Roosevelt as evidence that American families are not growing smaller when two guards from the Fulton Insane Asylum appeared and led the stranger gently away.

A Mammoth Watch.

One can appreciate a big clock on a tower or a railway station; but a mammoth watch such as that destined for the St. Louis World's Fair, will doubtless create a great sensation. This watch will have a polished metal case, and will lie on its back and be so large and roomy that people will be able to walk inside it among the moving wheels. It will be 8 feet in diameter and 46 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the hair spring will be 300 feet in length and made of ten sprung steel bands, two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

When Monkeys Scorn Their Kind.

According to Mr. J. L. Kapling, the father of the novelist and poet, monkeys look down with the utmost contempt upon their fellows which perform in shows. He once saw a showman form a ring at a spot not far from some trees frequented by a number of wild monkeys. At first they retired to a safe distance, but by and by they came near enough to see the performance for nothing. When they beheld their trained kindred dancing to music and riding about dressed in queer garments, on goats, they drew still closer, but plainly expressed both surprise and disgust at the entertainment. It was something novel and painful to them to note to what depths it was possible for monkeys to sink.

A DIFFERENCE IN EYES.

Potato—Well, old one-eye, how did you like the circus?

Needle—Oh, not at all! Couldn't see anything. There were too many rings going on at the same time.

Potato—Gee! I thought it fine; had a great time.

Needle—Well, why shouldn't you think it fine? With all your eyes you could see all the rings at once.

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